The American Magazine of

ART

Including Creative Art



GEORGIA O'KEEFFE: THE WHITE FLOWER

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The American Magazine of Art

(Including Creative Art)

January 1934

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Published Monthly by THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS

Barr Building, Farragut Square, Washington

Editor, FREDERIC ALLEN WHITING

Director of Advertising, CHARLES Z. OFFIN, 40 East 49th Street, New York City

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR

Postage included in the United States and possessions. Canadian postage 25 cents extra, and to foreign countries, 50 cents extra. The Magazine is mailed to all chapters and members, a part of each annual fee being credited as a subscription. Entered as second-class matter October 4, 1921, at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Title Trade Mark Registered in the U. S. Patent Office.

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All manuscripts should be sent to the Editor, The American Magazine of Art, Barr Building, Farragut Square, Washington, D. C. Unsolicited manuscripts should in every case be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes, to insure return in case material may not be used. The Editors cannot be responsible for the return of unsolicited material.

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NICOLAI CIKOVSKY: GIRL BEFORE MIRROR

COLLECTION DOWNTOWN GALLERY

Awarded First Purchase Prize and Cash Prize of Five Hundred Dollars, Exhibition of "American Painting of Today," The Worcester Art Museum. With its handsome arrangement of figure and accessories in a beautifully rhythmic design, echoed by an ingenius juxtaposition of warm and cool tones, this outstanding canvas well deserves the honors of the exhibition.

THE
AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART

VOLUME XXVII JANUARY, 1934 NUMBER ONE

ANNOUNCEMENT

We take pleasure in announcing the acquisition by The American Federation of Arts of CREATIVE ART, published since 1927 by Albert and Charles Boni, Inc., under the editorship, successively, of Rockwell Kent, Lee Simonson, Henry McBride, and Frederick A. Blossom. CREATIVE ART has had a distinguished career, first as the American edition of the London *Studio*, with American pages, then as an independent publication edited entirely in America. In combining it with THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART, we hope to include in one magazine the best qualities of two, with the added effectiveness of a much wider public than has been reached by either alone.

We welcome the former subscribers of CREATIVE ART, in the belief that they will find in these pages critical soundness, vitality and discernment, the liberality of an unbiased attitude. We ask their coöperation in our effort to produce an art magazine whose editorial policy is not tied to a faction, is not limited by a prejudice, is not buyable; a magazine of the truly creative and enduring art of all time and of all peoples, edited for Americans of today.

Flash-back and Flash-forward

Last winter, in the deepest days of the depression, we published two editorials, one in the December, 1932, one in the January, 1933, issue. We attempted to point out in those editorials that although there was an abundance of misery around us, nevertheless a sincere observer would discover among his countrymen the evidences of a new spirit. Citing such things as the enormous increase in museum attendance in industrial cities, the sudden outcropping of open-air shows, of picture-lending schemes, of new orchestras, of art colonies, of business men's art clubs, the new emphasis on art in schools, camps, universities, we deduced that in a time of terrible physical distress the arts had been proven necessary, and that that necessity would not be forgotten in the rebuilding of society.

Last winter has come to seem a hundred years ago, because of the revolution that the year has brought in our social and economic thinking. In this very different world, of hope and vitality and experiment instead of apathy, the arts are even more significant than they were. But it is no longer necessary to pry beneath the surface to find the evidence—it stares us in the face.

Last month we announced that plans had been completed for the first *national* series of radio broadcasts on Art in America—an undertaking which can hardly fail to increase the already large number of people who have found that art is essential to them and that an understanding of American art is necessary in understanding American life. Without a public sympathetic to his efforts and trained to understand his forms and their social significance, the American artist cannot be expected to thrive. (Further details of the series, promised in the preliminary announcement, will be found on page 39.)

In this issue, Forbes Watson writes of the Government's great plan for employing artists, announced on December eighth. In view of the traditional unconcern with which our Government has hitherto viewed the arts, this direct interest and support, this investment in creative

enterprise, is probably the most important single event in American art history. A full and authoritative report of the progress of the Public Works of Art Project will be given from month to month in this magazine.

Letters

Queer Experience

SIR:

When I read Professor Mather's statement in the November issue of this magazine that a visit to Fenway Court is now "merely a queer experience," I felt as if the doctor had tacked a red card on the door. I should like to reassure those who never had the "exquisite experience" of visiting the collection under Mrs. Gardner's guidance. It is true that occasionally old friends of Mrs. Gardner express almost Professor Mather's feeling; for them there is nothing left at Fenway Court now that Mrs. Gardner is gone—the great Titian, the Botticellis, Raphaels, Holbeins, Rembrandts, the Fra Angelico, Bermejo, Vermeer mean nothing because Mrs. Gardner is not there. They, with Professor Mather, pay tribute to Mrs. Gardner's charm, which was phenomenal; Mrs. Gardner was a siren, not the least of her fascinations being her mellifluous voice. The pleasure of listening to her made one forget all else, even her pictures. There is another group of Mrs. Gardner's friends, and to my mind a more perceptive group, who say that Fenway Court is so permeated by Mrs. Gardner's personality that they are conscious of her everywhere and feel as if they would surely find her in the next room. There are others, who did not have the honor of Mrs. Gardner's friendship, who say it is much pleasanter to visit Fenway Court now than it was in the old days, because there are fewer restrictions on their movements and no danger that Mrs. Gardner, whose nerves were set on edge by the anxiety of her public openings, will pop out at them and say: "You mustn't do that."

But it is already nearly fifteen years since Mrs. Gardner was active and most of our present visitors never came here in her lifetime. From them we have constant testimony that a visit to Fenway Court may still be a rapturous experience. Typical is the lady who said to one of our guards: "I've visited museums all over the world and they bore me to death, but this place is different; I've never been so thrilled, and I should like to stay here forever." One fact is obvious, that in nearly every respect Fenway Court differs from all other museums. Perhaps it was a mistake to call it a museum; perhaps by some other name the rose would smell even sweeter. Certainly Fenway Court is not a Museum of Art History, as are most of the labyrinths which call themselves Museums of Art; it is rather a Museum of Taste—Mrs. Gardner's taste, for which Professor Mather expresses admiration—or a Museum of Beauty, disturbing to teachers and students of art history who wish museums to be textbooks, misunderstood by critics and connoisseurs intent on appraising one masterpiece after another. Fenway Court comes near the ideal frequently expressed by Morris Gray, late President of the Trustees of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts: it is a place of spiritual refreshment; in these weary, dreary days it offers satisfaction to those who crave beauty. Fenway Court is seductive, if not instructive.

Should Ulysses sail by the shores of Southern Italy today, lashed to the mast of his ship, he might say, hearing no siren music: "This is a queer experience"; but the Bay of Naples would still be beautiful.

Fenway Court, Boston MORRIS CARTER

Not a Dealer

SIR:

I want to thank you for the copies of your December issue which you so kindly sent me. I also wish to thank your Mr. Hopper for his Vollard and Stieglitz. It's very kind. But I am amused to see me down in the index as a Dealer. I have never received a cent for my connection with Art in forty-three years—either directly or indirectly. I am not in Art business nor in any other business.

New York City ALFRED STIEGLITZ

Fitchburg Art Center

SIR:

We appreciate very much the notice about the Fitchburg Art Center in the December number of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART.

It has already brought us some attention in the way of an offer of most of the back numbers of *International Studio*. Through the kindness of many museums and individuals our library is beginning to take on life, so I feel that when we are once more in our own building we shall have some background on which to build.

I am very glad to have an extra copy of the

magazine which was sent to me personally and wish to thank whoever sent it. . . .

Fitchburg, Massachusetts CAROLINE GLEICK

The Art Center's building was burned out in October; activities are being carried on at the Fitchburg Public Library. We take this opportunity to urge again that books and periodicals suitable for its library; pictures and prints and decorative arts suitable for its galleries, be sent Miss Gleick, Director, Fitchburg Art Center c/o Fitchburg Public Library, Fitchburg, Massachusetts.—EDITOR.

Personalities in This Issue

FORBES WATSON, Technical Director of the newly created Public Works of Art Project, tells in "The Public Works of Art Project" something of the "set-up" and purposes of the Government's anything but empty gesture to American artists. Long known as one of the best critics in the country, Mr. Watson exerted and continues to exert a profound influence on art thought and art literature. He was art critic of the *New York Evening Post*, the *New York World*, then Editor of *The Arts* and its successor *Arts Weekly*.

PERRY BLYTHE COTT is Associate Curator and Lecturer at the Worcester Art Museum, Worcester, Massachusetts. He was graduated with honors from Princeton, returned to do graduate work which earned him the degree of Master of Fine Arts. Later he was able to study at the summer session of the University of Paris and, for six months, in the galleries and museums of western Europe. He has contributed to a number of scholarly journals and written criticism for the daily press.

ELIZABETH BAUER MOCK went to Vassar where she conducted a "violent movement against the projected Olde Englishe gymnasium and in favor of a modern one." As far as the building itself was concerned the effort was unsuccessful but the campaign did result in an overwhelming student vote against the emptily eclectic. Later she studied at Taliesin with Frank Lloyd Wright. There she met her Swiss architect husband. With him she visited the Cité Universitaire and talked at length with Le Corbusier.

E. M. BENSON writes this month of a number of the more engaging recent events in New York City. He has recently written two other essays for us—one on Orozco's Dartmouth murals, and one on the Carnegie International at Pittsburgh.

GEORGE J. COX following the success of his last article, "This Strange Modern Art," has been good enough to write for this issue "The Sculptor's Forms." The first-mentioned essay explained away some of the mysteries of contemporary painting; the one appearing this month renders the same service for today's sculpture. Professor Cox is a member of the fine art faculty of the University of Southern California.

JOHN NOLEN, city planner and landscape architect, makes a plea for the reawakening of civic consciousness as the necessary foundation for successful city planning. The training of the landscape architect (never concerned, as is sometimes thought, only with gardens and golf courses), particularly fits him for dealing with the more pressing problems of city planning. Mr. Nolen's international reputation is based partly on his planning achievements here and in Europe, and partly on his authorship of several books and articles.

JAMES A. PORTER, is a member of the fine art faculty of Howard University, Washington, D. C. He is a very sensitive observer of the artistic expression of his own race as well as of cultural expressions of the rest of the world. His approach to the visual arts, as seen in this month's article, "Negro Art on Review," is partly critical and partly creative.

THE PUBLIC WORKS OF ART PROJECT

FEDERAL, REPUBLICAN OR DEMOCRATIC?

By Forbes Watson

The other night, after I had expatiated free o'er all The Public Works of Art Project, a distinguished journalist asked me the following forward questions:

"Will you employ any artists to ridicule your plan?"

"If you send an artist on a roving commission to make a pictorial record of the C.C.C. camps, will you permit him to caricature them, or must he glorify them?"

"Will you employ an artist to caricature Harry Hopkins, or Chip Robert, or Ned Bruce, or you yourself, or must art be C.W.A.'d into Rooseveltianism?"

I did not like the way he said "C.W.A.'d into Rooseveltianism." Besides, the phrase is a distressing verbal ingenuity. I mildly replied: "He can caricature me."

The admission stopped the priest of the press not at all. He continued:

"We find that in the past, Washington has been adorned primarily by Federal and later by Republican monuments. Will the Public Works of Art Project now make Washington beautifully Democratic, as an incident in its broader effort to transform all the American painters and sculptors into good Democrats, or will it, in the true spiritual meaning of the word, give the American artist his freedom? I'll believe it when you can show me the name, on your payroll, of an artist who is caricaturing the President, Hopkins, Robert, Johnson, Tugwell—any one!"

Now, really, only a seasoned gentleman of the press would take advantage of long friendship to ask such impertinent questions, make such impertinent suggestions. I began to feel like the American in the London "cinema" who forgets to stand when they play "God Save the King." After all I had been in Washington only a week. And those pet C.W.A. words, "allocate," "set-up," "quota," and "breakdown," were not rolling off my tongue with the smoothness that marks the member in good standing of the New Deal church. My armor was still far too thin to enable me to combat with equanimity the rough questions of a fellow journalist who knows his Presidents personally, their taste in ties and their favorite smokes. However, rough as they are, the questions do get at the root of the whole matter. Is the artist to be free? The answer, unhesitatingly, unanimously and without qualification, is: "Yes!"

In the planning, developing, and carrying out of his creative idea he will have complete freedom. From the first meeting on December eighth, which set going the machinery for employing unemployed artists or, to go further back, from the first release in which L. W. Robert, Jr., announced the plan, to the last hour of labor creating the machinery and starting it going, freedom of expression for the artist has been insisted upon as vital to the success of the Public Works of Art Project in its undertaking to employ twenty-five hundred artists and five hundred laborers. Up and down the line, throughout the art and business directing of the Project, there has never been a hint that anything was to be gained by attempting to limit the artists' imaginations to the boundaries of academicism on the one hand, or radicalism on the other. This may be bad news for the reactionaries who believe that the artist should be told what to do and how to do it as well as for those at the other extreme who believe that nothing good can any longer come out of representational art. But it so happens that it is the truth.

If freedom of expression is the corner-stone of the Project, the next stone in the building of this astounding edifice is complete impartiality in the selection of artists to be employed. Just as Dr. Rexford G. Tugwell, of the Advisory Committee on Fine Arts to the Treasury, declared for "the utmost freedom in producing," so L. W. Robert, Jr., in his statement of November twenty-ninth, said: "It will be the purpose of the Committee to find merit wherever it exists and the search will not be dominated by any particular school or group."

At the meeting of December eighth, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and every member of the Advisory Committee on Fine Arts to the Treasury—Frederic A. Delano, Chairman of the Committee, Harry L. Hopkins, Dr. Rexford G. Tugwell, Henry T. Hunt, Charles F. Moore, and Edward Bruce, Secretary of the Committee—spoke. A dozen eminent directors of great mu-

seums spoke; and it is after listening attentively to these talks that I write that freedom of expression and complete impartiality in the selection of the artists were unanimously endorsed.

This answers, to my mind conclusively, the protest of Mr. Harry Watrous and his fellow academicians that the C.W.A. has empowered a group of radicals to direct the Public Works of Art Project and that the "conservatives" will not be fairly treated. As the President of the Society of Independent Artists, that indefatigable fighter for freedom of expression, John Sloan, remarked in homely phrase: "When corn is thrown into the chicken coop, feathers are bound to fly." But we are not throwing corn into the coop. We are employing unemployed artists and since this is a governmental nation-wide undertaking is there any reason why a man of Mr. Watrous' eminence should not stand up for the rights of the large group of artists for whom he is the spokesman? Besides the fact that plans which are alive always inspire protests and only dead plans fail to do so, Mr. Watrous is entirely in the right in standing up for his group, but his protest, being based on a misunderstanding, is not supported by facts. The organization which has been built up to carry out the Project is, to the mind of a mere editor and writer, a miracle of devotion and bang-up capacity. And the results, in the driest factual statement of them, prove that if the government ever had any desire to favor one group of artists over another (which it never did have) it has already lost whatever power it might have had to play favorites. The history of the plan and the story of its actual organization carry within themselves the refutation of bias, partisanship, or limits put upon the artist's freedom of expression. I shall give the story as I observed it, not as an official spokesman.

When Mr. Harry L. Hopkins became convinced that the unemployed artists fell within the scope of the C.W.A. administration, it must have struck him that if the Government were going to put unemployed artists to work a very natural goal for a certain portion of the output of artists working for the public would be the buildings owned by the public. These buildings come within the province of the U. S. Treasury, and Mr. L. W. Robert, Jr., is not only directly interested, through his official duties as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; he is also a confirmed believer in the enriching powers of art. What more natural than for these gentlemen to form a committee able to set in motion the proposed plan, composed of members deeply interested in the plan, and disassociated from any partisan groups of artists. The committee immediately initiated a process of decentralization. It placed the power to employ artists in the hands of sixteen Regional Committees. Chairmen of these Committees were endorsed by the directors of a dozen museums, voting with the committee. In every case the effort was to select a Chairman known for experience, impartiality, and ability.

To avoid embarrassing the artists by placing them on the Committees and thereby, perhaps, rendering unemployed artists ineligible for employment, and to escape the risk of partisan action, the Committees have been made up of eminent museum directors and other distinguished members of the community actively interested in the advancement of art—men and women who have already proved their soundness of judgment and their lack of bias. These men and women are giving their enthusiastic coöperation to the Public Works of Art Project, a plan which quite easily may turn out to be the greatest step toward a finer civilization that the Government of the United States has ever previously taken. If this sounds over-fervent or exaggerated, it is, nevertheless, my belief.

The Committees are already hard at work in the sixteen Regions, into which the country has been subdivided, although the membership of every Committee has not been completed. Artists have been given employment daily in increasing numbers. At this point it should be explained that the Public Works of Art Project is not a relief project. The relief organizations throughout the United States are still operating, and the Public Works of Art Project is, I repeat, for the purpose of giving employment to unemployed artists. We are perfectly aware that our undertaking will be judged by the quality of the artists employed and of the work which they accomplish. This knowledge is an important factor in the selection of artists made by our Chairman of the Regional Committees.

An aged friend who collects ancient art and who would consider it a sacrilege to place the work of a living American in the neighborhood of his prized antiquities, exclaimed when I told him this: "Good God, and is the public to be made to look at all this truck that the United States Government is aiding and abetting? It is the last act of insanity for this Government to think it can unearth twenty-five hundred geniuses and cover the country with masterpieces on or before February fifteenth, 1934." After this splenetic outburst the old gentleman added, with superb sarcasm, "I suppose you will let your art men work until 5:00 P. M., February fifteenth, before the foreman tells them to knock off."

To every undertaking which is in any sense an innovation, there are always a body of ladies and gentlemen of conservative tendencies who

"wonder what the world is coming to." It is perfect nonsense to suppose that the Public Works of Art Project and those at its helm expect to unearth twenty-five hundred geniuses or cover the face of the world with masterpieces. On the other hand objections based upon this magnificent generality are not only unsympathetic, but essentially frivolous. They are made by the same type of person who has never found any value in an "independent" exhibition. Does any one suppose that on every work of art of the modern period, more than two months of consecutive work has been spent? This is not a defense of haste, nor a declaration that the ideal situation for an artist is to place upon his work a hard-and-fast time limit. Still, great pictures have been produced within a period of two months and great artists have emerged from the independent movement. In fact, almost every great artist of the past hundred years can fairly be called a child of the independent movement.

The time limit, as now constituted, is being seized upon by those so anxious to keep art dressed up in its present artificial furbelows that they refuse to examine the Government's new relationship with the artists of America in a reasonable and sane way. Government procedure cannot advance with the elasticity of individual procedure, but the Government is composed of human beings and the activities of the C.W.A., of which the Public Works of Art Project is one, are calculated not to decrease but to increase the humanity of those who direct it. What do you think these human beings will do about the employment of unemployed artists after they have given them this first opportunity to show their metal and their capacity? Isn't the answer too obvious to dwell upon?

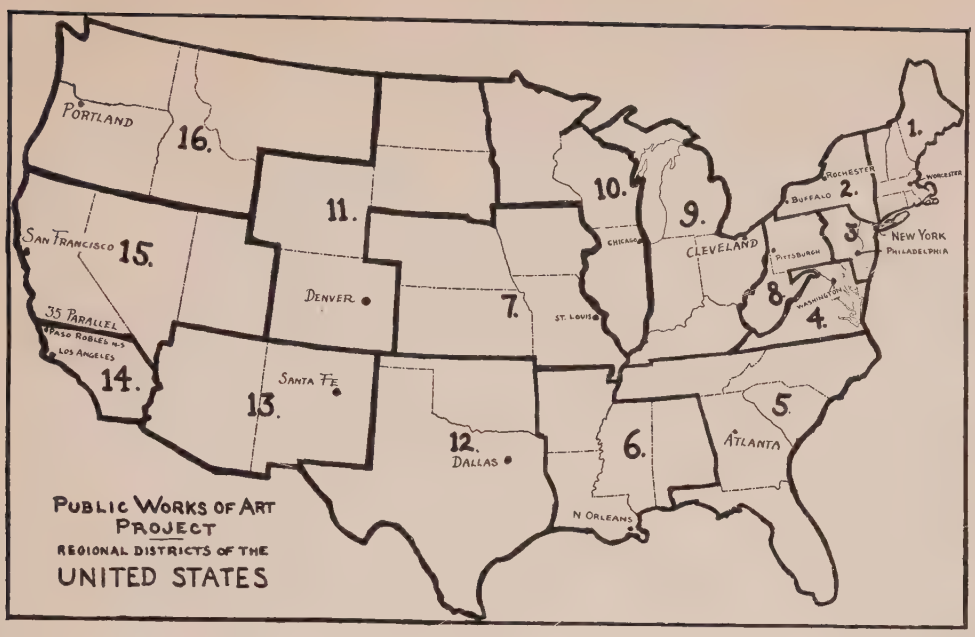
A wise Frenchman once said: "It takes a great many bad artists to make a good artist." He explained further that since, under the present entirely artificial relationship of the artist to the community, he is frequently left in a position of isolation. The only body of people from whom he receives the social impulse, needed by all human beings, is primarily his fellow artists. The most important opportunity which our new undertaking offers to the Government is not the opportunity to be remunerated with masterpieces for the money it is spending. The great opportunity lies in the fact that by its action the Government is bringing the artist into far closer touch with his community and thereby into closer touch with American life. The result can hardly fail to inspire a deeper interpretation of this life by the artist. If my prediction is at all correct, and if a body of American artists receive through the efforts of the Public Works of Art Project a stimulus to their imagination destined to add proportionately to the meaning and vitality of their expression, the Government will have made an investment far more paying, in a large sense, than it would if it announced dogmatically, "Give us masterpieces or give us nothing."

A curious fact in the history of art is that all the officials on God's green earth have never been able to put their wise heads together and insure the production of a masterpiece as a result of their conference. That desirable result is entirely up to the artist.

Those who are afraid that freedom of expression and the selection of artists, without regard to their affiliations with any famous official group of artists, will result in daubing the walls of the country, will find consolation, if only negative, by looking at a great many walls already pompously adorned by the hands of painters appointed in solemn conclave. Even a daub with a dash of life in it is better than an acre of anemia. But we are worrying about things that will never come to pass. The suspicion that a vast number of uninitiated artists are going to be turned loose on the walls of America is unfounded. When it comes to permanent attachments to the walls, committees made up of eminent leaders in the world of art are not going to proceed with sentimental irresponsibility. As to proposed decorations, the more the merrier. Under the system heretofore followed in giving out contracts for public decorations, fresh blood has been handicapped. There has been no way, before the Public Works of Art Project was initiated, by which any idea could be obtained of the potential talent in America for mural painting. If the Public Works of Art Project brings to light, not twenty-five hundred geniuses, but one, two, or three genuine imaginative mural talents; if in addition the artists working at other projects are inspired by their new sense of vital association with their communities to interpret anew the life of their country, who can doubt that a record of permanent value will result?

The Project is no school for initiates. Already men of national reputation are on its payroll. It is employing artists, not avocationists.

Below is reproduced a Regional map of the Public Works of Art Project with the names and addresses of the Chairmen of the Committees. All artists out of employment, and desiring employment, should make their applications to the Chairmen of the Region in which they reside. It is a mistake to think the Project is solely designed to employ mural painters; print makers, painters of easel pictures, sculptors—all who work in the fine arts and are unemployed have the equal right to apply at their Regional Offices.



Region	Chairman	Address
1.	Francis H. Taylor, Director Worcester Art Museum	Fenway Court, Boston
	Regional Office, 1st Region, Isabella Stuart Gardner Museum	Fenway Court, Boston
2.	Mrs. Juliana Force, Director, Whitney Museum of American Art	10 West 8th St., New York City
3.	Fiske Kimball, Director, Pennsylvania Museum of Art	Fairmount Park, Philadelphia
4.	Duncan Phillips, Director, Phillips Memorial Gallery	1600 21st St., Washington
5.	J. J. Haverty, President, High Museum of Art	22 Edgewood Ave., N. E., Atlanta
6.	Ellsworth Woodward, Director, Isaac Delgado Museum of Art	1316 Pine St., New Orleans
7.	Louis La Beaume, President, City Art Museum of St. Louis	Forest Park, St. Louis
8.	Homer Saint-Gaudens, Director, Carnegie Institute	Schenley Park, Pittsburgh
9.	William M. Milliken, Director, Cleveland Museum of Art	Cleveland
10.	Walter S. Brewster	135 South La Salle St., Chicago
11.	John N. Williamson, President, Colorado Chapter A. I. A.	Majestic Building, Denver
12.	John S. Ankeney, Director, Dallas Art Association	Dallas Power and Light Bldg.
13.	Jesse L. Nusbaum	Santa Fé
14.	Merle Armitage	c/o Barker Bros, Los Angeles
15.	Walter Heil, Director, California Palace of the Legion of Honor	2355 Filbert St., San Francisco
16.	Burt Brown Barker	1021 Highland Drive, Portland



HENRY MATTSON: LANDSCAPE COLLECTION REHN GALLERY

Awarded Second Purchase Prize. Reducing descriptive detail to a minimum, Henry Mattson creates an effect of other-worldliness. In its lyrical abstraction this picture is akin, in spirit, to the philosophical landscape painting of the Far East.

AMERICAN PAINTING OF TODAY

By Perry B. Cott

One frequently hears the remark made by artists that our museums do not give sufficient recognition to the works of contemporary American painters and sculptors, that museum directors and their boards of trustees are prone to limit their acquisitions to the arts of the more or less remote past rather than to those of the present. While such remarks may have been justified several years ago, it would now seem that with the establishment of museums especially devoted to American art, with the emphasis on present-day production, the validity of such an attitude must be seriously questioned.

It is true that our older museums have not perhaps been as ready to admit to their collections the work of contemporaries in the same proportion as works of the past, and yet no one will deny that such a policy has been vindicated by the response of the public that they serve. On the other hand, the museums in this country have, to a degree unequalled by similar institutions abroad, opened their galleries to exhibitions of the work of American artists and have generously offered substantial prizes to those of merit.

In presenting to the public its exhibition of "American Painting of Today," the Worcester Art Museum resumes a traditional policy of representing the art of contemporary American painters. From its foundation in 1896 until 1930, this Museum held annual exhibitions of American painting, and it is interesting that during this time a sum of not less than two hundred thousand dollars was appropriated by the trustees in cash and purchase prizes toward the support and encouragement of living American artists. For the past three years it has been impossible to hold these exhibitions because of the construction of the new building.

The present exhibition, which opened on December first and will continue until the middle of January, comprises one hundred and thirty-one canvases and water colors, each artist being represented by one painting. A committee of the Museum's staff made the selections from the work of artists throughout the country. Naturally, however, there is a larger proportion of paintings by artists working in the Eastern states because of Worcester's proximity to the

summer artist colonies in New England and New York City.

It has been the intention of the Committee to show the most outstanding achievements in painting since the last annual exhibition, hence some of the canvases shown have appeared in other large exhibitions in the past few years, although many were executed during the past summer and have not been exhibited previously. Each picture was selected entirely on the basis of merit, whether it represents the "modern" trend or the conservative tradition.

The present exhibition has many claims to distinction. In such a large group one might expect the tremendous variety that is to be found here not only in subjects but in the manner of treating them as well. The painters, not reaching far afield for either the romantic or the esoteric, have sought inspiration in the native scene and, within the limitations that this imposes, have created a wealth of diversified forms. The tendency on the part of our artists to interpret imaginatively what they feel and see immediately about them rather than to improvise upon a borrowed theme is a hopeful sign. It makes for a unity of expression that brings us to the realization that we have such a thing as a national style, and one that is definitely American.

In the past American painters have perhaps too consciously stressed the element of craftsmanship at the expense of content in their painting. Today there would seem to be a more even balance between the two. Slickness of finish, for its own sake, has almost totally disappeared, but the ideals of honest technique have not been lost. As a result there has been a gain in depth and solidity that gives a sense of permanence to our painting of today.

The exhibition conveys an impression of fresh and vivid color. There is none of the universal greyness that so often characterizes such exhibitions. Our painters are not afraid to use color in its highest intensity, and, while this may sometimes present a problem to those charged with hanging the pictures, it undoubtedly gives a brilliance and spontaneity to the effect.

It is hoped that if this exhibition is received well by the public this season it may be repeated again the year after next, and that the Worcester Exhibitions of American Painting may again take their place along with the other national exhibitions at Washington, New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago. Indeed, it is only by encouraging the artist to work toward definite exhibitions that American painting can continue on the high-road of quality.



JULIUS BLOCH: THE CELLIST
COLLECTION LITTLE GALLERY OF CONTEMPORARY ART, PHILADELPHIA

Awarded Honorable Mention.
Bloch succeeds in conveying a remarkable breadth of conception and intensity of emotion within the small dimensions of this canvas.



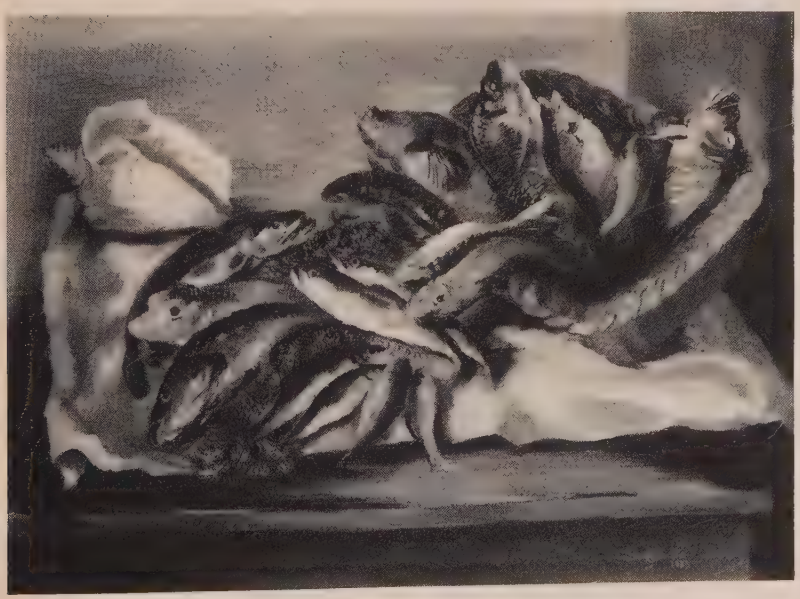
SIMKHA SIMKHOVITCH: YELLOW FLOWERS—COLLECTION MILCH GALLERY

Awarded the Third Purchase Prize. This painting is a delightfully gay composition of iris and other spring flowers in contrasting tones of yellow and violet.



JOHN STEUART CURRY: ELEPHANTS—COLLECTION FERARGIL GALLERY

In this delightful canvas the artist has effectively fused the massive forms and swaying trunks of the animals into a ponderous rhythm vibrating with life and vitality.



PEPPINO MANGRAVITE: FISH—COLLECTION REHN GALLERY

Low in key, this picture is full of deep, glowing color, heightened with silvery greys.



EDMUND ARCHER: WAITING FOR THE PROCESSION

The composition of robust forms brought together in a well-knit design is distinguished by a rich impasto of resonant color applied with accomplished vigor.



ALEXANDER BROOK: CECILIA

DOWNTOWN GALLERY

Plastic qualities that give a convincing three-dimensionality to the figure are set off by an unusual design in Brook's canvas.



DORIS LEE: WASHINGTON SQUARE
COLLECTION RHODE ISLAND SCHOOL OF DESIGN

The piquancy and humor remind one of the crowded genre scenes of the Flemish masters of the seventeenth century, the color scheme of Currier and Ives prints.



ADOLPHE BORIE: THE BATHER

Adolphe Borie exemplifies the conservative tradition of American painting. With its sensuous modeling and gleaming flesh tones his nude recalls the Impressionist painting of the close of the past century.



JUDSON SMITH: PORTRAIT OF MY DAUGHTER

This charming portrait has a directness and simplicity not often encountered in subjects of this kind. It is free from the frills and unnecessary encumbrances so frequent in exhibition portraits and thereby gains in freshness and strength.



JOE JONES: AMERICAN JUSTICE

A native of St. Louis, Jones is a house painter by necessity and an artist by choice. Although he has had no formal training his innate ability asserts itself here.



GEORGIA O'KEEFFE: THE WHITE FLOWER—COLLECTION AN AMERICAN PLACE

A sensitive interpretation, subtly decorative and technically accomplished.

LE CORBUSIER'S SWISS PAVILION

By Elizabeth B. Mock

The Cité Universitaire is a bad answer to the interesting problem of creating shelter for students of all nationalities who are studying in Paris. The planning of the whole as an integrated community as well as the design of the separate buildings should obviously have been entrusted to one architect, or to a group of coöperating architects. Instead, each of the numerous countries represented has been allowed to build as it liked and seemingly where it liked. The result is an incoherent mass of buildings, each one in a different style. The Dutch pavilion, designed by Dudok, is a massive modern structure, jumbled and over-decorative as a whole, but with some excellent details, and there are two or three simple and self-respecting buildings for Scandinavian countries. But the great majority of the buildings are in the traditional styles of the countries responsible for them—a temple for Greece, an adapted pagoda for Japan, a pergolated affair for the Argentine, bedizened monumental nonentities for the United States, Belgium, the provinces of France, and so on. One would expect a châlet from Switzerland, but instead, the good solid Swiss allowed Le Corbusier, himself a Swiss, to design one of his most satisfactory buildings.

The Swiss pavilion is the synthesis of three easily discernible units differing in function and form. The dormitory unit is a long four-story rectangular block supported twelve feet above the ground by six pairs of concrete columns. On the south side of this block facing the future athletic fields of the Cité Universitaire, the three lower stories are faced entirely with glass. Except for the small windows lighting the corridors on the north side, the remainder of this part of the building is surfaced with composite stone slabs. On each of the three lower floors are fifteen identical single rooms. The fourth floor contains five more students' rooms of the same design, three rooms and a bath for servants, and a commodious apartment for the director. Each room on this floor opens on one of the three semi-enclosed terraces.

The very simplicity of the construction of this unit is exciting. The concrete columns which support it extend as far down into the earth as the building is high. This is made necessary because the site was formerly a stone quarry and there is a deep deposit of loose rock. Above the ground the columns cantilever out into a concrete table on which rests the extremely light steel frame of the superstructure.

Contrasting with the dormitory block is the unit which provides for vertical circulation and contains the service elevator and stair well, the west wall of which is of structural glass blocks.

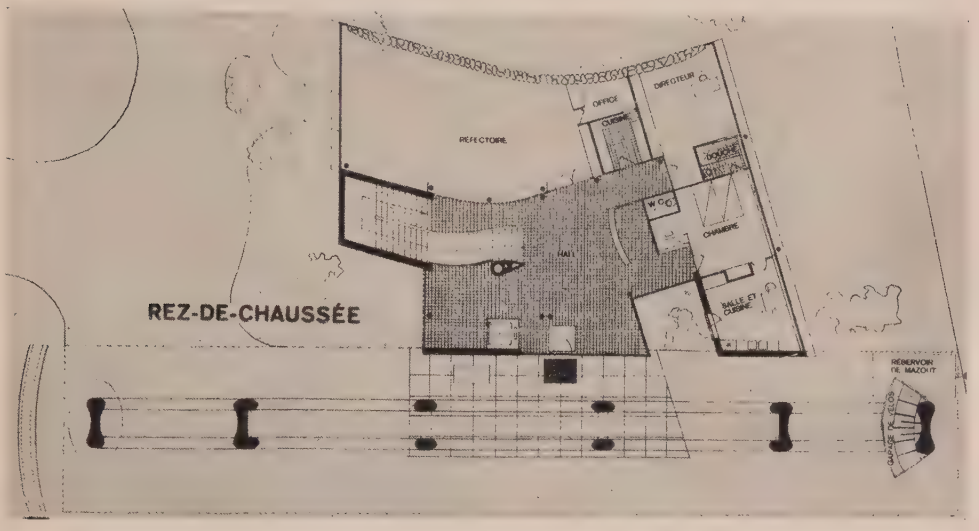
The third unit is of one story and contains the common rooms, the entrance hall, the concierge's apartment, and the director's office. The large hall more than any part of the building gives the feeling of the free plan. The stair rises slowly from behind a free-standing shaft through which run the pipes and the chimney. Under the hall, in the only excavated part of the building, are the oil furnaces. Separated from the entrance hall by glass is the living room, of which the north wall is rough stone masonry, curved to parallel the wall of the stair tower.

This building shows the modern tendency toward dry construction with pre-fabricated materials. Both of the steel-frame window types used have been perfected and patented by Le Corbusier-Jeanneret and are manufactured in standard sizes. The composite stone slabs, the glass blocks, the surfaces of the floors and ceilings, and the partitions between the rooms are all standard pre-fabricated materials.

The Swiss pavilion is a clear articulation of Le Corbusier's conception of architecture. Here is Order lifting itself up in a chaotic world. From the one-story unit sitting tightly on the ground, its curved wall following the contours of the land and giving it additional weight in the composition, the eye is led to the sheer verticality of the stair-tower, and then in a climax to the free-standing rectangular mass. The building is an efficient answer to its particular shelter problem; it is ingenious in the method of its construction and its use of materials, and it is noble as an architectural composition. But if one respects the nature of materials, it seems playful and arbitrary that walls should be curved for no functional reason, and the very use of rough masonry in combination with fabricated materials seems incongruous. Yet this building is neither functional architecture nor organic architecture, and cannot be judged as either—it is a pure *création de l'esprit*, and Le Corbusier has accomplished his purpose. Whether or not one accepts his premises, it is a relief to find a building like this, simple and coherent, in that welter of mangled modernism which is Paris.



THE PAVILION AS SEEN FROM THE NORTHEAST
LE CORBUSIER, ARCHITECT



GROUND FLOOR PLAN, SWISS PAVILION, CITÉ UNIVERSITAIRE, PARIS



THE PAVILION AS SEEN FROM THE SOUTHEAST
"NOT A CHALET"



Courtesy Pierre Matisse Gallery

ROUAULT: CHRIST AT BANLIEUE, 1920

OF MANY THINGS

By E. M. Benson

New York is rapidly reaching its peak load of art exhibitions for the current season. The Edward Hopper one-man show, which has just about run its course at the Museum of Modern Art, threw the embattled critics into two warring camps, each hotly defending its own point of view. The one objects to the emotional sterility and lack of structural design in Hopper's work. The other applauds him for the truthfulness of his vision, for excluding the subjective Hopper, the man of feeling, from his plastic statements. The Anti-Hopperites contend that even a camera must have a human finger to open and close its shutter. But what infuriates them most is that Hopper has remained almost completely untouched by a half-century of turbulent experimentation in painting. This the Pro-Hopperites regard as Hopper's strength rather than his weakness and they take shelter under that magic tag "classicism."

As I see it, the whole affair boils down to this: Hopper selects his characteristic subjects—houses perched on sun-drenched hills, rows of red-brick tenements stretching horizontally across his canvases—because he obviously prefers them to all others. This choice *is* a personal one, and it is as integral a part of the man as his voice or his handwriting. Hopper cannot exclude Hopper from his canvases any more than Sloan can exclude Sloan; that is, if he is the honest painter I believe him to be, and not a pictorial reproducing machine. If he does not go deeply into his surfaces or relate them with the same enviable sense of construction which we admire in painters like John Marin and Karl Knaths, it is because these values do not exist for Hopper. There is nothing much we can do about this, but to accept him for what he is, not a great painter but a sincere and competent one who has caught something in the American scene that is decidedly worth preserving.

The continents that separate the serene verism of Hopper's art from Georges Rouault's are too great even for the mind to span. It is like falling asleep on the warm sunlit steps of a New England church to awake in the feverish twilight of a Byzantine cathedral. In Rouault we have one of the really colossal figures of contemporary French art. Earlier in the season the Museum of Modern Art assembled what we then thought was a representative selection of Rouault's paintings. In comparison with the twenty canvases recently exhibited at the Pierre Matisse Gallery (loaned by Mr. Matisse to the Chicago Arts Club, where they can be seen during the month of January), many of those at the Museum of Modern Art now seem rather fragmentary. We are indebted to Mr. Matisse for stressing a phase of Rouault's many-sided work which is little known to Americans, namely, his so-called "Biblical" subjects. I hesitate to call them "religious" because that would perhaps suggest an orthodox literalism wholly foreign to the undoctrinaire spirit of these paintings. They are religious in the more elemental, humanistic sense of the word.

The "Christ and the Fishermen" series, all rather small canvases, glow with the fire of jewels set in molten paints, as if to announce the impending miracle. They are painted with the thick impasto and graduated interplaiting of hot colors, cooled with blues and blacks, characteristic of Rouault's most recent work. Although the surfaces of that much earlier canvas, "Christ at Banlieue," are not as rich or resonant, it contains subtle overtones of mood and feeling that, not being so tightly embedded in flaming colors, are more effective emotionally.



Courtesy Pierre Matisse Gallery

ROUAULT: THE RED CORSAGE, 1915



Courtesy Brummer Gallery

BRANCUSI: (LEFT TO RIGHT) BLONDE NEGRESS, FOUNTAIN OF NARCISSUS, SOCRATES, FISH, BIRD IN SPACE, THE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD

What deep sonorous silences this painting has, like the beating of gloved hands. It is as eerie as a dream and more real than life. The slumbering houses, along the wide, sharply receding street converge with breathless abruptness at a tall funnel, which is like a thin finger striking a bell, a small clear voice-of-a-bell, mingling with the cold voice of the moon. Two pictures wholly different in treatment, structure, and subject, but equally successful, are "The Red Corsage" and the "Ballet Dancers." How Rouault gives these forms plastic density without making the slightest sacrifice to surface texture, and how he informs them with a rhythmic pattern of fluid lines, like the seams in stained glass windows, is a miracle that is much easier to annotate than to define.

What Rouault is to modern painting, Brancusi—whose work is now being handsomely exhibited at the Brummer Gallery—is to modern sculpture. He is, in fact, the father of modern sculpture, a procreative honor which has been wrongly attributed both to Maillol and Lehmbruck. In the early years of the 1900's, when Maillol was still designing tapestries, and Lehmbruck, a student at the Düsseldorf Academy, modeling sculpture in the tradition of Hildebrand, Brancusi had already cut the cord that tied him to the academic past. His search for basic organic forms that express the pure joy of creation—which is the Oriental and the pantheist in Brancusi—has been going on ever since.

Brancusi is a creative phallicist with a keen sense of humor, which in his sculpture has its outlet in caricature, and an incredibly sensitive feeling for making ovoid forms—for that matter all forms—speak the essence of their composite being. The "Blonde Negress" in polished bronze is both fish and woman, just as Nancy Cunard's portrait is both bird and woman; "Socrates" in old oak with his loquacious double-jawed head and the "Chief" with tin crown—these are not only beautifully modeled as abstract forms, but they are also great fun. Brancusi's more serious works are to my mind his finest: it is astonishing how much more swiftly our eyes ascend the bellied curve of the polished bronze version of the famous "Bird in Space" than they do those in blue marble and white marble. He is able to convey the subtlest shades of meaning to his various birds—which is equally true of everything else he does—by modifying



AARON J. GOODELMAN: ISIS

WHITNEY BIENNIAL OF SCULPTURE, WATER COLORS, AND PRINTS

the angle of a curve, the length, the material, or any one of many elements. Sometimes, I fear, these modifications are only perceptible to Brancusi, and it is at these times that his art becomes slightly rarefied.

On the fifth of December the Whitney Museum of American Art inaugurated its "First Biennial Exhibition of Contemporary American Sculpture, Water Colors, and Prints," sequel to the Museum's "First Biennial of Painting" held

at this time last year. To the American artist this event is even more important than the Carnegie International at Pittsburgh. For it is common knowledge that twenty thousand dollars has been "set aside for the purchase of works of outstanding excellence to be added to the Museum's permanent collection."

The quality of the exhibited material is, on the whole, much finer than we believed was possible. There are many excellent surprises and few really poor works of art. Among the newcomers to the sculpture group, Aaron J. Goodelman has the stuff of which real sculptors are made. His marble "Isis" with its beautifully contrasted surface undulations, its clear, firm chiseling free from all trickery and evasion, is one of the most satisfying, if not *the* most satisfying sculptural object on exhibition. Chaim Gross makes very clever use of the grain of his material, lignum vitae, in his "Tight Rope Walker." The female form is full and rich, but somehow one is constantly aware of the fact that it is only a piece of sculpture, that it is only make-believe. Perhaps it is the material that chokes whatever sensuous communication the figure would otherwise have. Similarly Ahron Ben-Shmuel would have, we think, done better to choose a lighter material than granite for his "Group of Wrestlers." The granite, being shadowless, kills all precise definition and silhouette, leaving one in doubt as to whose leg and whose arm belongs to whom. Mr. Ben-Shmuel has really something to say in sculpture, and it is unfortunate he did not use another material to say it in.

America apparently has no dearth of good water colorists. Karl Knaths, Jean Liberté, Nathaniel Dirk, Burchfield, Fiene, Marin, and the sculptor, Zorach, contribute excellent examples of their work in this medium. There are at least a hundred others, nearly all of whom are competent, and some exceptionally so. Among the drawing group, a head by Boardman Robinson is unusually strong. Among the printmakers, John Sloan is a master in a class by himself; Ralph Soyer's lithographic "Self-Portrait" has all the fine modulations of a painting. Of the fifty-two exhibited prints at least ten are of superlative quality.

If American artists are, on the whole, better artists than they were only two or three years ago, they have the Whitney Museum to thank for it. For exhibitions like the current one give the artists who have still to break the ice, a fighting chance to show what they are worth.



JEAN LIBERTÉ: SERENITY
WHITNEY BIENNIAL

THE SCULPTOR'S FORMS

By George J. Cox

Any representative collection of Paul Klee's work reveals at a glance a variety of weirdly provocative symbols, diagrams, and patterns which are not only utterly divorced from traditional art forms, but also appear to have little kinship with recent developments.

Closer inspection will show that his seemingly childish patterns are at times built up of daringly juxtaposed colors which have been stippled, spotted, streaked, pencilled, scratched and scumbled with infinite patience and skill. The resultant color sensations are often so stimulating that one's original curiosity as to the meaning of the work subsides: not only ungratified, but without protest. Klee, we may believe, is shaping a strange new vocabulary, which at present few can read. Yet, judging by historical precedents, it will soon be employed—without acknowledgement—by our interior decorators, textile designers, and graphic artists to form beguiling new phrases for eyes grown tired of air-brush stencils, distortion, montage, and all the other contemporary popularizations of the surrealists and symbolists.

It is the penalty incurred by the creative artist, who thus sees his brain children first scorned and then adopted—or adapted—by the more shrewd purveyors of art. But only by such processes can the world be provided with a constantly changing diet, nicely concocted for digestions that cannot take their aesthetic without a little sauce.

It is now possible to observe the effects of this popularization in the field of sculpture—effects so beneficent that this art is showing signs of life after having been apparently embalmed or given over to the taxidermist for generations.

Less than twenty years ago the plain man-in-the-street, faced by Brancusi's ovoid products, was likely to be still further confirmed in his hostility to revolutionary works in sculpture. Told by enthusiasts that they were cosmogenic conceptions he yawned or scowled; and the suggestion that the "Bird" (rated as "hardware" by unappreciative customs' men) was a "gong of polished hyperaesthesia" displaying "genetic puissance" induced an almost active hostility.

Today the same plain man, grown a little stouter and perhaps more tolerant, accepts without a qualm the almost indistinguishable ovoids displayed in the windows of a modern store. Seeing them crowned by toques and berets, he may chuckle at their symbolic vacuity. He may even appreciate the astute use of a form so susceptible to the lightest impression of the milliner's transient creations. He little realizes that he is on the road that leads to such perverted manifestations of art as Negro plastic and modern sculpture.

It may be that the cinema has liberated his eyes as much as the sculptor has educated them, but certainly the palpitating marbles of Rodin or the biologically exact busts of Jo Davidson exert a less powerful spell upon his mind. He is now willing to let his fancy play about a sculptor's forms. Actually it would be as easy to wisecrack at the modern's avoidance of intelligibility as at the Victorian's passionate devotion to watch-fobs and vest buttons. If one, like a fan dancer, left little to the imagination, the other purveys a plastic vacancy upon which any agile mind could impress its interpretation. Yet by long odds, when art is in question, the modern shows a more sensitive understanding of his medium. And also a sounder aesthetic.

Art is precisely art because it is not nature, and the whole matter could be dismissed by saying that the artist is concerned with creation, not with representation. However—that explains so little about modern sculpture, in which the human figure, if not copied, is still the most popular point of departure. But the sculptor now goes to nature for inspiration, not for his ideals—those he will shape himself. Sensing the futility of imitation he rearranges, emphasizes, eliminates, in short, abstracts his forms, until he has subdued all to his own peculiar and instinctive desire for harmonious organization, for rhythm.

He knows now that it is the sculptor's business to deal with form, and he seeks to impose living rhythms upon stone, wood, or metal. To do this he must endue shapeless and intractable materials with life—but not by simulating flesh and blood.

A South Seas Islander, asked why, despite his obvious mastery of his craft, his carvings remained but symbols, far remote from the objects of his inspiration, replied that even if he carved a man to look like a man "it would not feel or smell the same." The reply showed a sound instinct; one to which, however, few primitive peoples cling after contact with the more realistic arts of civilization. But today even the maker of wax-works finds it less easy to impose upon credulous eyes and atrophied imaginations, and to those who expect an artist to produce *art* nothing is more boring than the "lifelike" statuary of uninspired Pygmalions.





The modern sculptor knows this also. He has discovered that the deathlessness of Egyptian sculpture resides in its harmonious relationship of masses, planes, and contours, arranged with an inevitable logic, and not in the Egyptian's ignorance of anatomy or inability to carve like the Italians. He knows that the greatness of Michelangelo derives not from his anatomical knowledge or technical skill, but from the ruthless imposition of his will upon the marble block. For underneath all the torsions, strains and impacts of his muscular figures lies a powerful organization that gives a musical sequence to his strenuous movements.

It is this rhythm that the work of Rodin conspicuously lacks, or, where in part it is achieved, he invariably obliterates under a wealth of suggestive modeling. It is this rhythm that the modern seeks to recapture, though his concept may differ as much as Purcell's differed from the Greek chorus or Beethoven's from Debussy's; or—well—the Rumba from a Viennese waltz. If overwhelming emotional experiences are associated with the "Blue Danube" or Rodin's "Le Baiser," modern movements in stone or dance may be difficult or distasteful. If followed merely as a fashion the result may be every bit as disastrous as a mistaken zeal for off-face hats or puff-sleeves.

There is of course no more necessity to understand a work of art before enjoying it than there is to understand a flower; and it may be a piece of effrontery to attempt to justify the ways of sculptors to man. But as a little botany is useful in determining species, so for those who see no difference between primitive carving and amateur butchery, or cannot distinguish good modern work from bad, a few illustrations may explain more than many pages of words. The reader needing a more copious demonstration of these qualities than can be supplied here need only turn to the magazine files of the last ten years to see the truth of their main contention.

Not that truth and wisdom will die with our contemporaries. A good deal of art criticism must remain merely gossip so long as effervescent ideas fly to the head. One of our most vocal critics, writing of modern painting, says that the artist "visualizes his tree as a symbol . . . the trunk as a cylinder, the foliage as a dome above it." Without surrendering to Maxfield Parrish one may protest the inadequacy of such a symbol applied to a poplar, silver birch, eucalyptus, or pepper tree. It may suggest a palm or a pine; it would stand even better for a mushroom or an umbrella.

Similarly when a sculptor bursts out into prisms, cylinders, and spheres he may miss

something of the subtlety of the human mind—even of the human body. Again when a modernist insists that the material dictate the form, he may carry respect for his medium too far. It is the sculptor's business to select the most appropriate medium and then subdue it to his concept. Some, succumbing to the difficulties of technique, show an excessive satisfaction with a few infantile scratches upon a stone slab or block. Others mistake their métier. Even Brancusi has impressed the same form upon white marble, black and white porphery, and polished bronze, without the modification of surfaces and contours such different materials would suggest; thus showing, it would seem, an insensitiveness to those "essences" of which he was claimed to be the embodiment. Epstein makes even worse blunders in translation. Essentially a romantic, if lugubrious, modeler, his "pellet" technique has an astonishing vitality in the original grey clay, but receives a grotesque emphasis when cast in obdurate bronze. Dobson sins this way at times, but his forms are so much more sculptural that the effect of "thumbed" bronze is less disturbing.

Direct cutting is another doctrine that can become an obsession. Because clay models, built up on tenuous armatures, undermined and destroyed the simple carver's feeling for his material, there seems no reason why a sculptor should not use such a plastic medium for the solution of problems that, left to the arbitrament of claw-chisel and hammer, may waste time, material, and effort.

The possibilities of error, self-deceit, and faulty aesthetic among artists are endless, and as the human mind shows a devilish ingenuity in self-justification, we are not attempting a mass conversion. All the illustrations can do is suggest a few of the truths, as I see them, that have emerged from the struggles of the last few years. They concern plastic values that can be examined objectively. For that purpose the drawings possess some advantages over photographs, obliterating as they do the psychological overtones which give rise to endless disputes. Not that the latter can or should be ignored; they are immensely important, but they can only be studied satisfactorily from the works themselves. All these sketches pretend to do is provide a reasonably sound approach to fundamentals, and for that purpose they are sufficiently accurate and impersonal.

The first illustration (I) gives the light and dark pattern of a head by Rodin. It shows how his passionate pursuit of truth as he saw it ended in the dissolution of form, for his search for the appearance of reality reduced his stone



II



III



to insubstantial shadows.

The second, by Patlejean, (II) shows a contemporary recoil from such romanticism. It is stark and uncompromising, probably revolting to those suffering from a hangover of the representational orgy of the nineteenth century. But the sculptor who says that a bust is primarily an ovoid solid set on a cylinder that emerges from an irregular prism, has more understanding of his function and his craft than the modeler who strives to imprison windblown locks, quivering nostrils, and palpitant bosom within his clayey shapes. The first is thinking of elemental forms suited to stone; the second of emotive details that are the stock-in-trade of the impressionist painter. It will be observed that the Greek who carved the head Number III and the Gothic carver of Number IV seem more in sympathy with Patlejean than Rodin.

In Number V we have a Negro mask, a work of art of a very high order. The artist was not of course attempting to make a human face, but a magic emblem. And he succeeded; but it is not as a fetish that it appeals to the modern sculptor. We may be completely ignorant of life on the Congo, and disregard the extra-aesthetic qualities that cling about such a symbol, yet still appreciate its plastic virtues.

We note the simple ovoid, pure in contour and smooth in section, cut by the sharp vertical of the nose and effectively foiled by the formal treatment of the hair. The main mass is finely spaced, and the subdivisions give rise to verticals and curves, repeated or reversed, throughout the composition. Once we have suppressed the idea that the sculptor was trying to make a portrait of his aunt, the whole arrangement conveys an impression of power and skill; of a craftsman who has said, with beautiful economy and intense feeling, just what he set out to say. And it is with a desire to incorporate such qualities within his own work that the sincere sculptor studies Negro art; others may wish to be exotic or bizarre.

The head from Benin (VI) is more "life-like" but there is not the faintest suggestion of a misplaced realism. All its details have been abstracted from nature. The whole mass is a simple gourd form tapering to a point. Note the effective contrast of the textured head-dress and the smooth face, the crisp angles over the round brow, also the repeats of horizontals and verticals, and the severe treatment of eyes, nose, and mouth. Through it all runs the same subtle contrasts as in the mask, and it possesses a vitality that will give it life long after most contemporary heads in marble have been consigned to the limbo that awaits all efforts at naturalistic sculpture.

In the two heads VII and VIII, we find not the delineation of an individual, but the expression of a type. The Cambodian head has a severe horizontality, the Siamese a liquid ovoid rhythm—and examining such works the modern

sculptor yearns to transform some essence of his mortal spirit into such stuff as these imperishable heads are made of.

The reader may ask, are there then to be no portrait busts? Why yes, we hope; if done by those who, like Despiau, are preëminently fitted to do them. There can of course be no proscription of taste among educated people, and it would be a very unintelligent modern who would object to a good portrait. Indeed a really fine Graeco-Roman bust is a blessed relief after some of the crimes both academic and modernist artists get away with today. But the average bust, done by the average sculptor with no desire or flair for portraiture, is a total loss; a waste of time and material that only ministers to humanity's already exaggerated ego.

Actually our sculptors have been for centuries obsessed by the painter's ideals. But, apart from all question of color, it is manifestly impossible for him to suggest the extrinsic lucidity that pervades a Rembrandt. He must speak another language; one that is clear-cut, logical, and above all formal, in the sense that his shapes will be defined from all sides and related in space to all other associated forms from whatever angle they may be viewed. In short they must possess restraint and precision, and never surrender to the bursts of enthusiasm that swept Rodin off his feet. There is something slow, glacial, self-effacing, and timeless about great sculpture, and the implacable resolve that its production requires is not always accompanied by the breadth of vision that should control its forms.

Given unlimited space it would be possible to demonstrate that the return to elemental shapes, fine contours, and organized rhythms marks not only the treatment of heads, but pervades the whole figure, and impresses itself upon groups, reliefs, and abstract compositions.

Perhaps the few suggestions here given may induce the reader to institute a personal investigation. It is worthwhile; for once the virtues of good sculpture are detected, he will see life pulsing within old forms he had perhaps thought clumsy or immature, and he may feel a vitality flow from new work that he had dismissed as crude or cranky. He will find that the modern sculptor, concerned with substance and not simulation, has ceased to torture marble into flying drapery or alluring dimples. He no longer wounds innocent wood in an effort to counterfeit unkempt whiskers; he even recognizes that the deft skill of a manicurist is misspent upon a bronze.

He has discovered that the early carver left his goddesses, whether draped or undraped, clothed with a certain mystery and magic; whereas later and technically more proficient masters brought them coyly to earth. He has lost interest in the anthropometric ideals of the nineteenth century, for which the "perfect" model sufficed; and in any case Ziegfeld's enterprise has stolen the regard of his patrons from these miraculously petrified follies.

Thus, through necessity or desire, the modern sculptor goes back to the sources of his art, to styles and periods when feeling and power had not been sacrificed to skill and artifice, when instinctive art, and not acquired subtlety, directed the chisel and hammer. Indeed he again took up these tools, that had been for centuries handed

VI





century. Nor is it possible to match the inventive ferment of the last twenty years. The endeavor to increase the stature of beauty by taking thought may be in vain; certainly no intellection can recapture the intense conviction pervading the works of the primitives. That was a product of faith and wonder possessed by few, even among our poets, today.

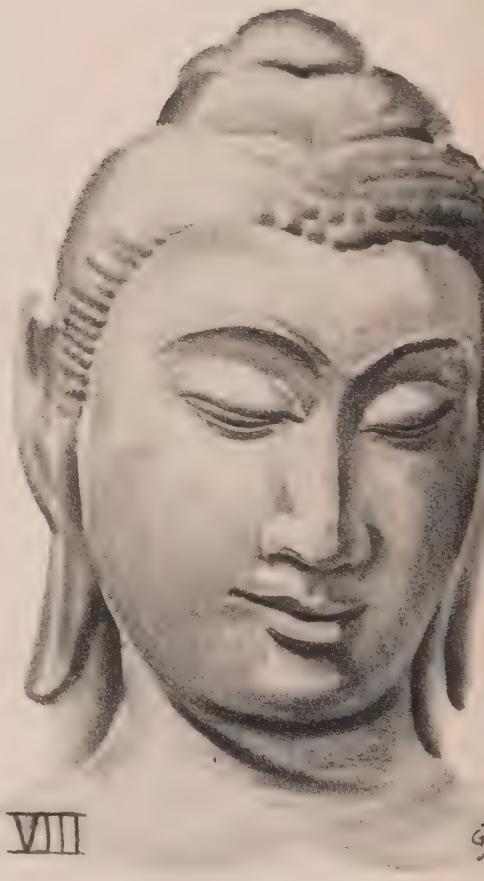
It may be that Spengler's twilight is upon us, and these annual styles that fall deciduously about our galleries are but the emblems of a decaying civilization. Even so they are providing an admirable fertilizer for future growth; and, if we will, an exciting interlude amidst the futilities of economists and politicians.

In the present condition of the world we turn to art only as a retreat or a distraction. But if the chaos of events is succeeded by a coherent civilization men may again seek its aid in shaping an inhabitable world; one in which they consciously apprehend the lovely imagery of music, poetry, and art, to find once more that sculpture, at its best, speaks a muted music all its own.

over to his assistants, for he realized that clay and wax led to ephemeral seductions that have nothing to do with sculpture. He has discovered that stone and marble have about them a hint of eternity, and he seeks to retain this virtue within his own creations.

And our progressive sculptors have got back to fundamentals; they have recaptured a certain primitive force, and despite the often wilful provocation of their subject matter and treatment they handle their materials with an economy which marks all the great periods. They have a long way to go, but they are on the right road.

Naturally a renaissance cannot be staged overnight. Sculpture will require years of unrelaxing and often painful effort before it wrests from stone and bronze those secrets which the Egyptian and the Chinese seemed instinctively to comprehend. They may never be revealed; but at no period in its whole history has research and experiment been carried on with such resolute industry as in the few decades of the twentieth



THE ART OF PLANNING CITIES

LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE AND THE CIVIC SPIRIT

By John Nolen

The art of planning cities emphasizes a happy combination of use and beauty, of serviceableness and charm. Every building or group of buildings, each street and open place, all parks, playgrounds and pleasure grounds, should be conceived, designed, executed, and maintained so as to serve well their respective uses and at the same time to possess appropriate and distinctive beauty. Nothing is really finished in this field until it does have beauty—not the beauty of decoration, but the beauty that is organic in its design and construction. The city plan primarily makes the beautiful in cities possible. It is true that beauty in cities appears to come actually through the works of landscape architecture, architecture, sculpture, and engineering, but the point of importance to note is that the city plan, largely from the viewpoint of landscape architecture, provides the location and arrangement, the elevation of buildings, the gradient of roads, the foreground and background, the vistas, the balance and symmetry, the street scenes, scale, and the opportunity for the grouping, assembling, and composition of such public works, under conditions that make them truly and permanently beautiful.

W. Hamilton Gibson years ago in praising the Chicago Exposition of 1893 for which the elder Olmsted was so largely responsible, wrote that the beauty and success of the exposition were due "to the forethought of a supreme design, which even before a single foundation wall was laid, had taken into account the most effective grouping of the architectural features."

The landscape architect has a natural call toward town and city planning. Most of the problems of his profession require him to think of buildings or other structures in relation to site and topography. He is concerned with their approaches, their background, and their environment, and with their fitness for the site that is to be occupied. But he has also a regard for natural features and their value for recreation or for other important community uses. Therefore the landscape architect turns naturally from private gardens to public parks, from parks to civic centers and streets, from streets to suburban development and land subdivision, from land subdivision to neighborhood development and community planning. Step by step there is a more or less inevitable evolution, not only in the professional technique of planning, but also in weighing the claims of all the various elements of convenient arrangement, the requirements of construction and maintenance, and, finally, the appropriate, good appearance of the whole, first and last, so that the result may be as nearly right as planning can make it.

The influence of comprehensive city and regional planning upon the civic spirit is very direct, intimate, and profound. In fact, it is one of the main ends of reform, a tangible result of our efforts. Often in a rather empty fashion we carry on a municipal campaign for "good government." What do we mean by good government? Of course, it should be honest and impartial. But honesty and impartiality are not enough. Government must also be efficient. It must give us, for every dollar we entrust to it, a full dollar's worth in certain concrete commodities. We have a right to expect properly ordered as well as properly paved streets, decent housing of all the people, well arranged public buildings giving a sense of civic dignity, educational buildings and museums worthy of our best democratic ideals, ample playgrounds, parks, and public gardens—in short, a convenient, healthful, beautiful city. These constitute the objects that proper planning holds up as the goal of the civic spirit.

Therefore if we would awaken love of a city, we must make the city lovely and lovable. But this better city must first take shape in the mind and imagination. In the beginning it is little more than a dream. So L'Enfant first dreamed of a plan for Washington; the business men of Cleveland, of a different Cleveland; the Commercial Club of Chicago, of a new Chicago; the civic and social leaders and welfare agencies in New York, of an improved and more wisely extended metropolitan region; the Westchester County Park Commissioners, of a more modern and more beautiful parkway system. So it has been with the New York, Indiana, California, and other state parks, with the building of new towns such as Palos Verdes, Mariemont, Kingsport, and Radburn, and with the rapid increase of recreation facilities. There comes before the imagination of some man or woman, or of some group or organization, or before a newly elected administration, a vision of what might be, and then this vision of the city-that-might be is embodied in brick and stone, in field and flower and landscape.

KINGSPORT, TENNESSEE
GROUP HOUSE TYPES



Broad planning thus furnishes the best means for expressing this awakened civic spirit, this aroused civic consciousness; but until expressed it can scarcely be said to exist. One possesses civic spirit only when one is finding an outlet for it, civic virtue only when one's will is expressing itself in productive action, civic pride only while one is justifying it. Possession depends upon expression. If we would possess a civic ideal, we must express what that ideal stands for. This would be worth while even if the better community were to crumble at its creation, for one of the main results is the new attitude of the citizen, the new form of civic patriotism.

The promise for the future is bright in the field of civic improvement in the United States, chiefly because of the widespread interest in planning and the increasing belief that planning contributes to economy and security, especially in "bad times." We realize that the changes in our cities, if they are to be permanent and far-reaching, must spring from the people and be at bottom an expression of the life of the people. We do not want mere experts' cities, unless those various experts—landscape architects, architects, sculptors, engineers, and city planners, not to mention economists, sociologists, and public administrators—show themselves capable of expressing and interpreting the best impulses and highest conceptions of business men, of citizens, of wage earners. If civic art is to rise high, it must have a broad base, like the civic art of the Middle Ages, in which the whole body of the people were genuinely interested. For true community planning must make cities that will serve the physical, economic, and spiritual needs of all the people.



JOHN NOLEN,
TOWN PLANNER
CLINTON MACKENSIE,
ARCHITECT



CHILD'S PAINTING, ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS, WASHINGTON

NEGRO ART ON REVIEW

By James A. Porter

It is of surpassing interest that within the boundaries of our country an entire race-group may be observed slowly awakening to consciousness of a destiny to be achieved in the plastic arts. This group is beginning to assume a sponsorship of its artists; to reach out toward a better understanding of art in general; and to explore its own possibilities of self-expression. I mean, of course, the American Negro, whose artist-interpreters have been coming to the fore in numbers during the past six years. Surveys of their activity as artists have been conducted repeatedly during these years in order to bring them before the public and to encourage their creative effort. Much discussion has arisen as a consequence of these surveys—discussion which I should like to quote if there were space; for some of it has influenced in a godfatherly way the trends of Negro art.

An exhibition of work by Negro artists was held from October thirty-first to November thirteenth of this year at the National Museum of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, under the sponsorship of the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History, of which Dr. Carter G. Woodson is director. It was unusual in that it included work by students, amateurs, and professionals. A great deal of interesting material was collected under the guidance of Professor James V. Herring of Howard University who, in coöperation with others, planned the exhibition.

Student work was shown from the elementary, junior and senior high school grades of Divisions 10-13 of the Washington public schools, Rosa Nixon Hampton, director; and from Howard and Atlanta Universities. The amateurs included protegés of the Southeast House, one of the social settlement houses of the District of Columbia, in charge of Lois M. Jones of Howard University; and those of the Free Art Workshop of Harlem Community, New York City (the Art Workshop is a project of the Adult Education Committee of New York, in charge of James L. Wells of Howard University). The generous assistance given by the Harmon Foundation of New York City helped notably to make the professional section of the exhibition representative.

Apart from its significance as the expression of a race, the exhibition was interesting because it indicated some of the stages in the development of the artist. There was a strong emphasis on

training or education rather than experience. In the public-school group, certain of the results in textile design and story illustration indicated that the instructors had escaped the baneful influences of over-teaching, forcing, and premature emphasis on techniques. Some of them, of course, showed traces of positive teaching, where the symbolism used by the children seemed too definitely premeditated and presented with more logical economy of form, idea, and placement than may be expected of normal children. Other examples reflected the naturally fluent spirit of the creative child. In the high-school work there was evidence of the interruption of the flowing creative impulse which so often occurs in adolescence. Their work showed worry with subject matter and technique and uncertainty of purpose that younger, less self-conscious children generally escape. One of the major problems of art instruction today is the means of keeping open the sluice-ways of creative expression through these formative years of the individual.

In the major part of the work by college students there was a distinct racial interest, and it was sufficiently differentiated stylistically to give the impression that its producers are seeking original paths to creation.

The exhibits from Southeast House and the Art Workshop indicated adherence to the accepted purposes of such community houses—to awaken appreciation of the arts and to impart useful skills; to teach more enjoyable use of leisure. Of course, in pursuing these purposes, the community art teacher may discover real talent, one of the delightful experiences of her job. Real talent requires nourishment. Much time and effort are expended on the crafts, which seem to be closer to the interests and capacities of the unselected groups of people exposed to instruction.

Certainly a number of the adult Negro artists must be appreciated as sincere students of their métier. Although some of them are dealing with exhausted and inflexible formulae, there are others who scorn mediocrity in all its forms. Apart from those who have attempted to "hold with the hare and run with the hounds"—to accept the conventionalizations of others while seeking recognition as original talents—there are the down-righters who identify art with life.



WOODCUT
JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOLS
WASHINGTON



FREE ART WORKSHOP, NEW YORK CITY



MES LESESNE WELLS: TAM O'SHANTER



HALE WOODRUFF: LANDSCAPE



WILLIAM E. SCOTT: CHRISTMAS DINNER



JAMES A. PORTER: PRIMITIVE BATHERS



ARCHIBALD J. MOTLEY, JR.: SHARKS



LESLIE G. BOLLING: SALOME

One finds among them excursions into mysticism, cubism, expressionism, Africanism, and the like; but those that merit the closest attention are, of course, the forthright productions founded on the real experience of the artist rather than on foreign modes of expression.

Racial expression in art was most positively affirmed in the professional section: from the flat, prosaic contours of Motley's forms in "Sharks" to the arresting genre statuettes in wood by Leslie G. Bolling. Hale Woodruff's approach to landscape painting is that of the deft colorist. Scott is a resourceful illustrator whose treatment is sound and exact; he revels in sumptuous values and picturesque forms. Wells' lino-cut is a fine example of value painting.

FIELD NOTES

Newark Maintains Service

In Field Notes in the issue for last June we noted the effect that failing support from the city was to have on the important community service of the Newark Museum. Russell Newcomb of the museum staff has written of some of the results, and points out that despite mounting difficulty, the museum's effectiveness as a positive force in the community continues to grow. For example, in the first ten months of this year attendance has increased by two thousand over any previous ten-month period despite a thirty per cent reduction in the number of hours the museum is open.

The increasing attendance can be accounted for, probably, by the museum's policy of adapting its work to changing conditions of unemployment and leisure. Three innovations have recently been undertaken even with a staff reduced by fifteen members.

First of these is a series of informal gallery talks given every day the museum is open. The talks are brief, given without formality, and frequently end in discussion groups. The variety of the museum's exhibits (science as well as art) insure development of a vitally interested supporting public. People with special knowledge and enthusiasm in related fields are invited to give some of these talks.

Second of the innovations is the development of adult hobby groups intended to appeal to beginners who would like to try their hand at sketching, modeling, nature study, and stamp collecting. The museum undertakes to give no instructions and as far as possible the groups run themselves. In October the groups, only a few months old, had a total membership of some two hundred and fifty.

The third innovation, begun last season, a series of "roto-radio" talks modelled on those given by Buffalo museums, is continued. The series, run in conjunction with the *Newark Sunday Call* and stationWOR, are scheduled for Sunday mornings. The talks, concerned with exhibits at the museum, are illustrated by a spread of pictures in the *Call's* rotogravure section, and linked up to one afternoon talk at the museum in the gallery in which the exhibit is being shown. The series continues to be one of the most successful educational features of the museum, drawing many people.

It is interesting that the museum has been enabled to open on Sundays by means of a series of gifts from civic organizations and individuals. Such gifts, renewed again this fall on second appeal, indicate the recognition of what the Newark Museum means to the people who profit by its activity. Here is an interrelation between the people of a city and a museum which admits on both sides a mutual need one for the other.

Until New Year's Day the Newark museum had on display an exhibition of Fifty American Water Colors (circulated by the College Art Association). This exhibit seems to indicate an increased interest in subject matter, not a reversion but a desire to experiment in different directions. Many pictures are here shown for the first time, being the latest works of artists working in the modern medium.

"Art in America" Radio Schedule

As promised in last month's editorial announcement the schedule for the first part of the art radio series is given below. The broadcasts begin on February third and run through May nineteenth. The National Broadcasting Company has reserved one of its national networks every Saturday evening at eight o'clock (E. S. T.) for the series.

The idea of "Art in America—A Radio Program" was inaugurated by the General Federation of Women's Clubs; a grant from the Carnegie Corporation has made the venture's realization possible. It is being managed by René d'Harnoncourt under the general auspices of The American Federation of Arts, with the invaluable coöperation of The Art Institute of Chicago, The Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Museum of Modern Art.

The technical aspects of radio presentation are being worked out with the help of the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education, and the National Broadcasting Company.

The schedule for the first part of the series is as follows:

February 3.—"The Painter Reporters of the New World."

February 10.—"The Early Settlers and Their Homes."

February 17.—"The First American Portraits."

February 24.—"How They Lived in Colonial America."

March 3.—"John Singleton Copley—Our First Eminent Painter."

March 10.—"The Background of American Art."

March 17.—"An American Studio in London."

March 24.—"Peale and His Museum."

March 31.—"Gilbert Stuart and the Washington Portraits."

April 7.—"The Classic Arts of the Young Republic."

April 14.—"Thomas Jefferson—Last of the Gentleman Builders."

April 21.—"The First American Sculptors."

April 28.—"Steamboat Gothic and Romanticism."

May 5.—"The Hudson River School and Its Heirs."

May 12.—"The Goodwins and One Hundred Years of Picture Collecting in America."

May 19.—"Art and the Public."

The first series will cover the subject from its beginnings up to the middle of the nineteenth century. After a summer recess, the second series will begin in September and continue until mid-winter, bringing the subject up to the present.

The accompanying hand-book will appear in two sections, corresponding to the "parts" of the series. The first volume is now in preparation and will be available well in advance of the first broadcast. Information can be had by addressing René d'Harnoncourt, New York Office of The American Federation of Arts, 40 East 49th Street, New York City.

Ceramic Society and Art

At the next convention of the American Ceramic Society, to be held in Cincinnati, February twelfth-fourteenth, the Society's art division has planned a session for which the tentative schedule has been announced. Nine important papers are to be presented as follows: "An Ancient Art Becomes a Modern Industry," by Robert A. Weaver, President, Ferro Enamel Corporation; "The Importance of Design in Modern Industry," by Joseph Sinel, New York industrial designer; "A Study of Representative Pottery Wares from Specimens in American Museums," by Edmund deF. Curtis of the Conestoga Pottery, Wayne, Pennsylvania; "Art and Science in the Development of Rookwood Pottery," by Harold F. Bopp, Rookwood Pottery, Cincinnati; "History of Architectural Illumination," by W. D'Arcy Ryan, Illuminating Engineer, General Electric Company; "Prehistoric Greek Pottery," by Dr. Hetty Goldman, Fogg Art Museum; "Indian Pottery of New Jersey," by Charles A. Philhower, Westfield, New Jersey; "Artistic Glass from 1900 to the Present Day," by Frederick Carder, Art Director, Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.; and "Pottery Making in the Ancient Near East," by Dr. Neilson C. Debevoise, Oriental Institute, University of Chicago.

Non-members of the American Ceramic Society will be welcome at the meetings. Those wishing to attend need only write to R. C. Purdy, General Secretary, American Ceramic Society, 2525 North Street, Columbus, Ohio, requesting an admission slip.

That any industrial group shows such evident interest in the design and art factor as these titles reveal is a good omen.

New Gallery—Carmel

Following a reorganization of the Carmel Art Association, Carmel-by-the-Sea, California, a new gallery has been bought which will make possible a continuous exhibition programme. The first exhibition, one of small paintings, closes on January tenth after having been on view a full month.

Officers for the coming year, elected on December first, are: John O'Shea, President; Miss Charlton E. Fortune, First Vice-President; Chapel C. Judson, Second Vice-President; Josephine E. Culbertson, Third Honorary Vice-President; Barnet Segal, Treasurer; Nora Nickols Grabill, Recording Secretary; Edda Maxwell Heath, Corresponding Secretary. Directors of the Association are: William Ritschel, Paul Dougherty, Armin Hansen, Arthur Hill Gilbert, Burton S. Boundey, George Koch, George Seideneck, Joseph Mora, Myron A. Oliver, Ferdinand Bergdorff, and Homer F. Levinson.



Earliest Known Unbroken Glass Bottle
Found at Jamestown, Virginia
Exhibited at the Richmond Academy of Arts

Early Virginia Glass, Richmond

The Richmond Academy of Arts held late in the fall an exhibit of Glass of Colonial and Revolutionary times assembled in Virginia. According to Thomas C. Parker, Director, the show "was proposed in order to present to the public the hidden wealth of old cut and blown glass in Virginia. The recent discoveries made at Jamestown have definitely established the fact that here was the earliest glass foundry in America. . . ." Illustrated is the earliest known unbroken glass bottle found at Jamestown. Much of the more sophisticated glass has been handed down in the great families of the Old Dominion, never having been shown publicly before.

G. Watson James, Jr., writes also that the exhibit drew enormous crowds to the galleries of the academy.

Monet Sale, New York

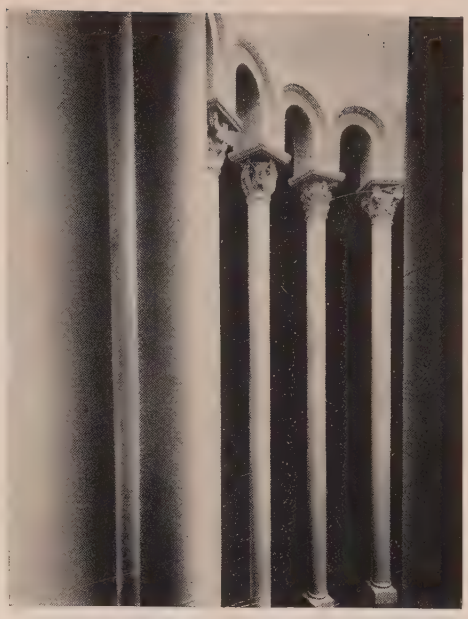
"Among the many brilliant exhibitions in New York this autumn," writes Margaret Lente Raoul, "none have been more memorable, more conducive to that exhilaration which great art can give, than the twelve Monets shown at the American Art Association Anderson Galleries. The excellently clear daylight in which they were hung made it possible to see them to the best advantage. As Monet's greatness lies in his conquest of the problems incidental to rendering atmosphere, his work is ruined by the yellowish electricity usual in galleries, for it distorts his color and kills its vibrancy. But as it was, his clean mauves, ash pinks, and singing greens, combined to produce the effect of light itself.

"While the 'Bord de la Seine, Vetheuil,' and the Rouen Cathedral were outstanding, one of the most successful was 'La Riviere: Automne,' though it did not bring one of the highest prices. It was quaint to see his 'Fleurs' dated 1878, which not being a landscape could not have the qualities in which he, beyond all others, excels, and might have been done by any competent painter, brought one of the higher prices. Such is the power of a name.

"It is to be hoped that the purchasers procured new frames, for these were quite appalling."

Courtesy from France, Springfield

Of recent months there have been several expressions of international good feeling—at least in the world of art. Among these was the generosity of the Louvre, Paris, in sending to the opening exhibit of eighteenth-century painting at the Springfield Museum of Fine Arts Boucher's "Renaud et Armide." Information as to the French Government's generosity was not on hand when the Field Note about the Springfield opening was prepared.



Replica of the Apse Arcade of Cluny
Installed at the Fogg Museum

Cluny Replica at the Fogg

An actual-size replica of the apse arcade of the great abbey church at Cluny has been installed at the Fogg Museum. The church was built between 1088 and 1130 and demolished at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Data sufficient for a reconstruction, mostly drawings, were obtained by Professor Kenneth J. Conant in excavations undertaken by the Mediaeval Academy of America. The replica was built in the Fogg Museum by a grant from the Joseph Clark bequest. It reveals the apse as one of the finest in all the architecture of the middle ages.

Drawings and Prints Themselves

On December fifteenth there opened an exhibition of Drawings for Prints and the Prints Themselves at the New York Public Library. It continues to March thirty-first. "Diversity is the keynote of this exhibition, and, of course, quality," writes Frank Weitenkampf in the Library's *Bulletin*. "There was no reason to

crowd the affair by trying to get in too much. . . .

"It was only quite recently," he continues, "that Royal Cortissoz, who long since sang the praises of the drawing, found its cult 'at last established.' . . . When the drawing is a direct study for a painting . . . we are seeing something in the condition of formation, not in the state of final embodiment. If the drawing foreshadows a print to be made subsequently . . . the case is similar. There is the added condition that the drawing, like the print-to-be, is usually in black-and-white, with no ultimate translation into color. . . .

"The material is here placed in a natural arrangement of general groups such as old masters; French eighteenth-century engravers; French, British, German, and American nineteenth-century etchers and lithographers; artists of today; illustrators; caricaturists, etc. But on the whole it is particularly an exhibition to ramble about in. The visitor may turn from Dürer to Goya, from Rembrandt to a modern caricaturist. . . . There is opportunity to study the development of drawings into prints. But there is not enough insistence on this matter to prevent one from losing oneself—or finding oneself—in contemplation of any individual artist's work. . . .

"One gets here a clear demonstration of what influence the use of a given medium has on the result. . . ."



Charles Despiau: Portrait Head, Bronze
Recently Acquired by the Minneapolis Institute of Arts From the Brummer Gallery

Minneapolis Accessions

The Minneapolis Institute of Arts has recently acquired an important bronze head by Charles Despiau, contemporary French sculptor, for its permanent collections. It is number one of an edition of ten copies and was purchased from the Brummer Gallery through the Dunwoody Fund.

According to the Institute *Bulletin*, "facts concerning the life of Cornelis Bisschop, who painted the 'Dutch Interior' now hanging in the central painting gallery, are dishearteningly few." He was born in Dordrecht in 1630, studied with Ferdinand Bol, and he was asked late in life to be court painter to the King of Denmark. "One biographer adds as an afterthought that he painted 'history and biography with very indifferent success.'

"Judging by the only example . . . at hand, the last remark verges on the impertinent. The Interior with a woman sewing . . . embodies the best qualities of Dutch genre painting. . . ."

Enjoy Your Museum

Under the title, Enjoy Your Museum, a series of booklets is appearing which already has met with real success. The Esto Publishing Company of Pasadena realized that there was a definite need for simple direct statements of what to look for in different art media and that the time and place to make this information most useful and alive was while the layman was confronted by art in the museum. The booklets sell at retail for ten cents; in quantities there is a discount. The series is meant to be sold by museums; to make this more readily possible the booklets can be had on consignment. On last report the following museums had placed the booklets on sale: Baltimore Museum of Art; Institute of Arts and Sciences, Brooklyn; Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo; Cleveland Museum of Art; Highland Park Society of Artists Museum of Fine Arts, Dallas; Denver Art Museum; Detroit Institute of Arts; Fort Worth Museum of Art; Grand Rapids Art Gallery; Academy of Fine Arts, Honolulu; Thayer Museum of Art, Lawrence, Kansas; Foundation of Western Art, Los Angeles; Metropolitan Museum of Art; Fine Art Gallery, San Diego; Worcester Art Museum.

Booklets so far issued are: *Painting*, by Carl Thurston (Editor of the series); *Watercolors*, by Royal B. Farnum; *Etching*, by Arthur Millier; *Pottery and Porcelain*, by George H. Opdyke; *Hopi Pottery*, by Frederic H. Douglas; *Navajo Rugs*, by Dane and Mary Roberts Coolidge. Those in preparation are equally interesting.



Edgar Degas: La Fille de Jephté
An Important Early Degas Recently Bought by the Smith College Museum of Art

Degas, Smith College

The Smith College Museum of Art has recently announced the acquisition of an important early Degas, "La Fille de Jepthé." The painting has not been previously shown in this country. It dates from the sixties; Degas kept it in his studio for some twenty years, without fully finishing it, and based on it an interesting series of studies, for it was a work that interested him greatly.

For the three weeks before December eighteenth, the Museum held a Degas exhibition gathered from many notable collections, public and private. This gave students and visitors an opportunity to see "La Fille de Jepthé" standing up well among the later work of the same man.

Regional Exhibition, Museum of Modern Art

From December thirteenth to New Year's Day the Museum of Art had on view an Exhibition of Painting and Sculpture from Sixteen American Paintings. The work of one hundred and nineteen artists from all sections of the country was included. Painters throughout the United States show in this exhibition a growing interest in the native scene. Architecture, farming, cattle raising, religious ceremonies, landscapes, interiors —nearly all are emphatically characteristics not only of America but in many cases of the regions where pictures were painted. An announcement from the museum says that the regions which seem most artistically self-conscious are the Southwest and the Southeast.

Work from the following cities was included: Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Detroit, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Saint Louis, San Francisco, Santa Fe, and Seattle.

Albright Library Sounds Modern Note

One of the smaller galleries of the Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo, has been transformed into a striking new reference library and opened recently to the public. Furnishings were purchased from funds donated for the purpose by Mrs. Seymour H. Knox and her son, Seymour H. Knox, Jr.

The modern note prevails. Library tables, desks, and stacks are of black steel; the ornament is of brilliant chromium steel in horizontal bands. There are metal indirect lighting fixtures on each desk and table, tubular metal chairs with tomato-red seats and backs, red curtains, a deep



Interior of New Reference Library
Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo

coffee-colored carpet, and brown walls. The room is flooded with light from above the skylight. The decorative elements, combined with simplicity and boldness, successfully harmonize with the conservative architecture of the gallery.

The gallery has long needed a suitable place where visitors could sit down and rest comfortably after viewing the exhibits, where one could read art periodicals and books, and where students could use catalogues and reference works. When Gordon B. Washburn became director, a reference library was opened on the ground floor. This proved efficient for research use but was rather inaccessible for the public. This last summer, after the Knox gift, the work of transformation began.

The collection of books in the new library is the result of loans and gifts by many public spirited Buffalonians. Occasionally new books are purchased, but an effort is made to avoid duplication of those at other local libraries. There are now about fourteen hundred volumes in the library—reference works, bound volumes of periodicals, catalogues, year books, and bulletins. The library also contains the gallery's collection of eight hundred prints.

Founders Exhibition, Grand Central

In November the Grand Central Art Galleries had its eleventh annual drawing of the Founders Exhibition. Mrs. Wooster Lambert drew the winning number and was awarded her first choice: "The Rest," by Jerome Myers. Other people from all parts of the country were lucky enough to draw paintings and sculptures by such Grand Central artists as Allan Clark, Bruce Crane, Howard Chandler Christy, George Wharton Edwards, Hobart Nichols, Hovsep Pushman, Leopold Syffert, Frederick J. Waugh, and many others.

Each artist member of the Galleries contributes one work of art a year. Each lay member may draw lots, the first number drawn giving first choice, and so on.

Hartford's New Building

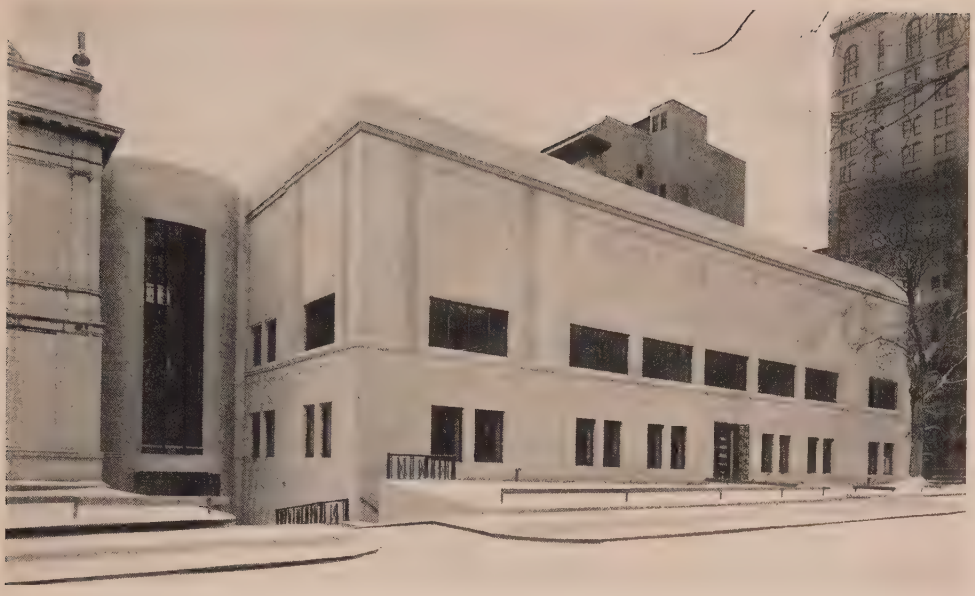
We are most grateful to Marian Murray of the *Hartford Times* for writing us about the forthcoming opening, on February seventh, of the Avery Memorial, a six hundred thousand dollar addition to the Morgan Memorial of Hartford. With A. Everett Austin, Jr., as director, it will not only give that city one of the most up-to-date museums in the country but will create a cultural center which includes quarters for the Hartford Art School and contains a little theatre. The theatre's career will be initiated February eighth with a world premier of Gertrude Stein's and Virgil Thompson's opera, *Four Saints in Three Acts*, and will later become the focus for little theatre activities in music, drama, and the dance.

The project is in keeping with Hartford's reputation as a music and art center, enhanced during the past three years by productions at the Horace Bushnell Memorial, where the Metropolitan Opera Company and the great symphonies create a season comparable to that of the largest cities in the United States.

The Avery Memorial offers the most advanced solution to museum housing problems, affords maximum space for displaying exhibitions, gives maximum light,—in short demonstrates ultra-modern efficiency. Planes and masses are paramount; surfaces and lines are emphasized in the interior. Three tiers of galleries rise around a central court with flat surfaces and straight lines predominating, and almost total lack of surface ornamentation. The impression is one of great excitement, with no apparent structural support. "Flying" balconies on the long axes add to the effect.

In the center of the court is a heroic fountain, "Venus with Nymph and Satyr" (1600), by Pietro Francavilla, the most important piece of Baroque sculpture in America. Other valuable acquisitions are to be announced.

The exterior is a compromise with the Italian Renaissance of the other buildings of the group,



The New Avery Memorial Building, Hartford
Morris and O'Connor, Architects

and was specified in the will of the donor. But here, too, all possible detail is eliminated, and emphasis placed on fenestration and the contrast of limestone and bronze.

The little theatre in the basement is modern but decorative with a textile-covered wall at the rear. A stage thirty feet deep, seventy wide, with a thirty-five foot proscenium, flies scenery to the side, and is lighted from jogs in the ceiling and by a complete theatrical switchboard. The auditorium seats only three hundred, but the opera will be given for five consecutive performances in February.

Studios for the Art School on the top floor at the north have special skylights, unique artificial lighting for night work, and sliding partitions like those used in the galleries, to reduce the size of any compartment as desired. In making headquarters there the school returns to its earliest home, for it originated in 1885 in the Atheneum of which the museum is a part.

Another important feature of the opening will be a Picasso retrospective exhibition such as has never been given in this country.

Neighborhood Exhibits, Metropolitan

The Metropolitan Museum's new undertaking, Neighborhood Circulating Exhibitions, began auspiciously. The first exhibition, which ended its run at the University Settlement on



Pietro Francavilla: Venus, Nymph and Satyr
In the Court of the Avery Memorial

Christmas Day, had an average attendance of five hundred a day. Early in January a new exhibition—armor, arms. textiles, 1492-1776—opens at the University Settlement and the exhibition of Far Eastern art moves on to the Hudson Guild. The new exhibition is mainly arms and armor, with a few textiles of the same period to give color to the glinting steel. To further interest the visitors, motion pictures about armor and firearms are being shown in the afternoons and evenings.

The Metropolitan has also announced a special exhibition of two collections of textiles, but textiles is a dull name for the sumptuous fabrics and delicate laces which will grace Gallery H-15 until June third next. The laces form the collection of the late Mabel Metcalf Fahnestock, whose daughters, Mrs. Ruth Fahnestock Schermerhorn and Miss Faith Fahnestock, have recently presented it to the Museum. The fabrics are the gift of Mrs. Valentine A. Blacque of Paris in memory of her husband. Both collections, monuments to the discriminating taste of the donors, are valuable additions to the museum's collections.

* * *

The Metropolitan has recently placed on view a life-size Roman copy of the Diadoumenos, "the youth tying a fillet round his head," a work by Polykleitos greatly admired in antiquity. The statue is unfortunately fragmentary, the torso and upper legs having been supplied from a plaster cast of a copy of the work in Athens. The marble head, however, is the best of all the copies which have survived, and in its serene beauty conveys with remarkable fervor the Greek ideal.



Head of Diadoumenos (Detail)
A Fine Roman Copy from the Original by Polykleitos
Recent Accession of the Metropolitan Museum



Edouard Manet: Le Bon Bock
Lent by a Private Collector in Philadelphia
To the Pennsylvania Museum's Exhibit

Manet, Renoir at Philadelphia

During December the Pennsylvania Museum held, in its special exhibition galleries on the ground floor, an exhibition of the paintings of Edouard Manet and Auguste Renoir. World-wide attention has been recently centered anew on these two artists through comprehensive exhibits held in Paris, the most recent being the Renoir show held last summer at the Musée de l'Orangerie. The Philadelphia show filled three galleries with over fifty canvases about equally divided between the two artists.

Manet, Degas, Cézanne, and Renoir have been aptly called the "four mighty columns" upon which rest the structure of subsequent painting. Two of these pillars of modern art were notably represented by works in American collections, public and private. Three Renoirs were released by the French Government from the Paris exhibition before it closed so that they might be hung for the opening of the Philadelphia show. Connoisseurs agree that the Pennsylvania Museum's exhibit is another indication of the quality of American collecting.

NEW BOOKS ON ART

Vincent Van Gogh

By Julius Meier-Graefe. Harcourt, Brace and Company, Publishers. Price, $3.00.

No man ever left a more complete record of his innermost life in letters, drawings, and paintings than did Vincent Van Gogh.

Julius Meier-Graefe, famed critic and scholar, with a rare combination of sympathy and astuteness has compactly interwoven with these astounding documents the vivid recollections of Van Gogh's friends and relatives. The result is a brief and passionate biography beside which the most searching and lurid novels of our time turn to buttermilk.

The first editions of the English translation were rapidly exhausted and now command a premium. This new edition is revised only as to format and illustration. It is unfortunate that it did not find a publisher who had some understanding of Van Gogh as a painter. The illustrations are inadequate and the plates inferior.

The reportorial simplicity of Meier-Graefe's style is the most dramatic possible means of unfolding the incredible tale. For example, Van Gogh courting a widowed cousin is told by the irate uncle that he must not see her again. Vincent thrusts his hand in the flame of a lamp, begging to see his beloved "only for so long as I hold my hand in this flame." "His uncle blew out the lamp and showed Vincent the door" is Meier-Graefe's quick curtain to the scene.

In London Van Gogh had suffered his first heartbreak at the hands of the angelic Ursula, an English governess who concealed from him her long engagement to another man. Vincent turned so ardently to religion for solace that eventually he tried to convert the customers of the shop in which he worked as a clerk. Says Meier-Graefe: "A day came when he talked not of art but of the Bible. In 1875 it was settled that he should join the branch in Paris."

With such terse sentences we are led through Vincent's frantic search for his destiny—his tawdry failures at clerking, at school-teaching, at the study of theology. The noblest pages in any biography relate his Christ-like failure as a missionary in the Belgian coal-fields where his charity at the cost of his own starvation and exposure led to his early mental and physical collapse. Unfrocked for his sympathy for the miners when they struck, he spent two years as a vagabond in that desolate and dank region. There, however, he discovered the simple faith that guided the few remaining years of his life: to love everything that God had created, and to use art as the means of expressing that love.

In short sentences of cumulative portent Meier-Graefe vividly pictures the painful struggle of the middle-aged man to learn to draw, to paint; the pitiful humility of his great spirit; the sordid life of an impoverished and degraded body; the marriage to a pregnant harlot; the escape to the sun of southern France; the few glorious years of triumphant (and unrecognized) painting; the lowering cloud of insanity; the End—which Vincent bungled as he did his life.

Turning on his death bed toward his brother, Theo, Vincent says: "Did you ever know such an awkward and helpless fellow as me? I can't even manage a revolver properly."

Indirectly, too, we receive a vivid realization of the tale's orthodox hero, Theo Van Gogh, whose life is a legend of selfless brotherly devotion. Julius Meier-Graefe has transcended art-criticism, biography, romance, and philosophy in writing what can only be described as an immortal book. C. Law Watkins

Francois Boucher and the Beauvais Tapestries

By Maurice Block. Houghton Mifflin Company, Publishers. Price, $2.00.

The chief purpose of this book is to make possible an intelligent understanding of the Beauvais tapestries in the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery. But in fulfilling that purpose Mr. Block has done much more. He makes clear the relation of the art of weaving to the life in France under Louis XIV and particularly Louis XV. Boucher, the man who epitomized the courtly art of his period, is here revealed as the greatest tapestry designer. But this revelation is followed by the discovery that the weaving craft, due partly to his influence and partly to the perfection of dyes, lost its own integrity in an effort to imitate painting.

The illustrations are excellent; one only wishes that the Noble Pastoral series might have been illustrated, not by details, but by complete tapestries so that a study of the composition could have been more diligently followed.

Mr. Block has written a fine brief discussion of the art of pure tapestry; he has given a bibliography; he has mentioned in footnotes where tapestries may be found. This book presents a real opportunity for those who wish to go further with their study. F. A. W., Jr.

Letters of John Marin

Privately Printed for An American Place, New York.

These are more than the letters of John Marin, the painter. They are the prodigiously fertile thoughts of a man, regimented into those chameleon things called words: words that dance like dervishes; muted words solemn as nuns; inebriate words, crisp with gaiety and laughter; deep-chested, orchestral words; volatile, woodwind words unreal as manna in the mouth; fanged words, caustic and sneering—they all do the bidding of their master, John Marin, that unusual fellow who has written what we think are unusual documents.

Because John Marin wrote them does not make them important. But they *are* important because John Marin the artist has something important to say about John Marin the man who is the artist. He began saying it about twenty years ago when his friendship for Alfred Stieglitz took root, and he has been adding to it ever since. This volume contains Marin's side of the correspondence (some eighty letters in all) along with several short articles of an autobiographical or critical nature, and prefaces written for exhibition catalogues.

There is something characteristic about the way Marin puts his creative house to order—let us call it his calligraphy—that leaves its inimitable stamp on everything it touches whether this happens to be applying water colors to paper or words to paper. He juggles words as he does paints with exactly the same feeling for condensation, for balancing taut, pyramided forces. And always with an unquenchable sense of play, which is the colt in Marin refusing to be broken to the humorless will of tradition, which is a fresh vision in Marin refusing to become stuffy.

"To have a lasso at one's belt, a long, long rope so as to rope in humor—when she takes her long flights," that is Marin's hope. Keeping one's spirits up is a big job, and Marin doesn't always succeed. "Feel like tearing things to pieces," he wrote from Stonington, Maine, during the summer of 1919. "Look at the Raphael photo on the wall and hate it for its perfection, its smugness. Like to paint some damn fool pictures. . . . To paint disorder under big order."

From the very beginning he knew what he was after, what he wanted his pictures to say, to mean. He wrote a note for an exhibition catalogue in 1913 in which he said: "I see great forces at work; the great movements; the large buildings and the small buildings; the warring of the great and the small influences of one mass on another greater or smaller mass. Feelings are aroused which give me the desire to express the reaction of these 'pull forces,' those influences which play with one another; great masses pulling smaller masses, each subject in some degree to the other's power. . . . While these powers are at work pushing, pulling, sideways, downwards, upwards, I can hear the sound of their strife and there is great music being played. . . . And so I try to express graphically what a great city is doing. Within the frames there must be a balance, a controlling of these warring, pushing, pulling forces."

This is the serious-minded side of John Marin. There are other and equally interesting sides to him: Marin the story-teller, the poet, the philosopher, the wag. They are not divisible entities but are all parts of the same curious compound known as John Marin. His letters give you the whole man.

E. M. Benson

Books Received to December 1, 1933

Art Education in Principle and Practice, by W. H. Klar, L. L. Winslow, and C. V. Kirby. Milton Bradley Co., Publishers. Price, $2.50.

Francois Boucher and the Beauvais Tapestries, by Maurice Block. Houghton Mifflin Co., Publishers. Price, $2.00.

Vincent Van Gogh, by Julius Meier-Graefe. Harcourt, Brace & Co., Publishers. Price, $3.00.

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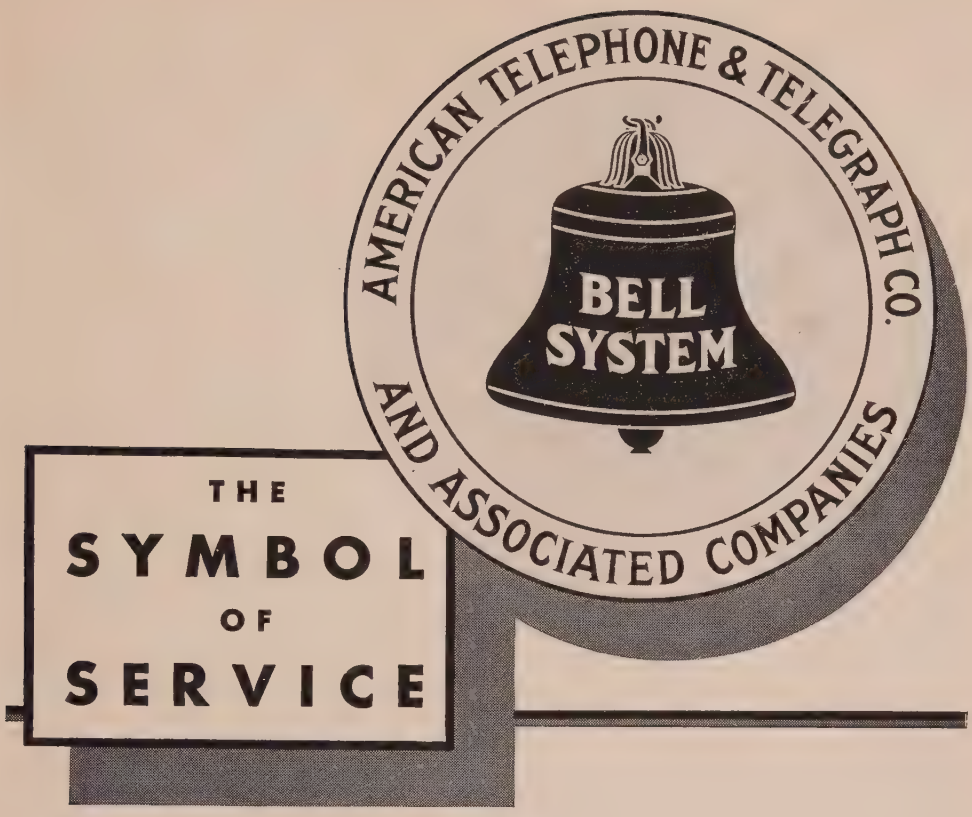
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New York Exhibitions

John Becker Galleries. Paintings by Jean Helion. January 8 to February 5

Brummer Gallery. Brancusi sculpture, January 1 to 15; Pablo Gargalo, sculpture, January 15 to 31

Leonard Clayton Gallery. Etchings by Childe Hassam, January 1 to 31

Contemporary Arts. Oils and water colors by Alexander von Wutherau, January 22 to February 3

Durand-Ruel. Fedor Zacharov portraits, January 1 to 15

Ferargil Gallery. Small American Masterpieces, January 1 to 31

Grand Central Art Galleries, 15 Vanderbilt Avenue. 100 Selected Prints of the Year, January 2 to 13; Leon Carroll's water colors, January 9 to 20 5th Avenue Branch. Paintings by Elmer W. Schofield, January 15 to 27

Marie Harriman Gallery. Paintings by Jacques Villon, January 8 to 27

Kleeman-Thorman Galleries. Selective Paintings by Americans; Etchings of Today, January 1 to 31

Knoedler. Portraits by W. B. E. Ranken; British Champion Animal Sculpture by Haseltine, January 2 to 13

Kraushaar Galleries. Drawings by Denys Wortman, January 1 to 31

John Levy Galleries. English portraits of the 18th century; Italian primitives, January 1 to 31

Macbeth Gallery. Paintings from Tiffany Foundation, January 1 to 8; Herbert Meyers' Vermont landscapes; Edna Reindel's oils, January 9 to 31

Pierre Matisse. Paintings by Joan Miro, December 28 to January 18; Paintings by Henri Matisse, January 20 to February 28

Milch Galleries. American Figure Paintings, 19th and 20th centuries, January 8 to 31

Newhouse Galleries. 2nd American Genre Painting, January 1 to 22

Reinhardt Galleries. Old Masters; Contemporary French and American Paintings, January 1 to 31

Rehn Galleries. Eugene Speicher's paintings, January 1 to 31

Schwartz Galleries. Marines by Cory Kilvert, January 15 to February 5

Valentine Gallery. School of Paris, January 1 to 31

Annual Exhibitions—1933-1934

Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia. 129th Annual Exhibition in Oil and Sculpture, January 28 to February 25, 1934.
Entry cards received until January 5.
Exhibits received until January 6.

National Academy of Design, 215 West 57th Street, New York. 109th Annual Exhibition, closing date, April 15, 1934.
Exhibits received February 28 and March 1.

January Schedule, Traveling Exhibitions of The American Federation of Arts

Albuquerque, N. Mex. (University of New Mexico). *Water Colors in the Modern Manner,* January 5-19

Atlanta, Ga. (Girls High School). *1933 National Scholastic Exhibition of High School Art,* January 8-22

Baltimore, Md. (Maryland Institute). *Textiles,* January 21-February 4

Bloomfield Hills, Mich. (Cranbrook Academy of Art). *Young Americans: Sixteen Oil Paintings,* January 3-24

Columbia, S. C. (Art Association). *Fifty Color Prints of the Year: 1933,* January 7-28

Fredonia, N. Y. (State Normal School). *Modern Photography,* January 8-20

Grand Rapids, Mich. (Public Library). *Plant Forms in Ornament,* January 4-25

Jacksonville, Ill. (Art Association). *The Native Element in Contemporary American Painting,* January 7-28

Lawrence, Kans. (University of Kansas). *Modern Painters: French, German and Dutch,* January 8-29

Lincoln, Neb. (University of Nebraska). *Southwest Indian Arts and Crafts,* January 7-21

Louisville, Ky. (Art Association). *Survey of Painting—Reproductions,* January 15-31

Montevallo, Ala. (Alabama College). *Paintings from the Thirteenth Biennial Exhibition of the Corcoran Gallery of Art,* January 13-27

Newark, Del. (Women's College, Univ. of Del.) *Pictures for College Student Rooms,* January 8-29

Pullman, Wash. (State College of Wash.) *Modern Painting—Reproductions,* January 14-28

Pullman, Wash. (State College of Wash.) *Young Americans: Sixteen Oil Paintings,* January 30-February 14

San Rafael, Calif. (Dominican College). *Thirty European and American Travel Posters,* January

San Rafael, Calif. (Dominican College). *Water Colors in the Modern Manner,* January 26-February 8

Santa Fe, N. Mex. (State Museum). *Water Colors in the Modern Manner,* December 27-January 3

Scranton, Pa. (Everhart Museum). *Illuminated Manuscripts,* January

Washington, D. C. (Howard University). *Conservative vs. Modern Art in Painting,* January 7-February 4

Other Engagements Pending

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FOR THE YEAR
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